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THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of Plenipotentiaries at Berlin will probably confine its attention to a limited number of practicable objects. In the recent conversation in the House of Lords which began with Lord CARNARVON's speech on the condition of Armenia, Lord SALISBURY expressed a well-founded doubt of the possibility of European concert for the purpose under discussion. The Duke of ARGYLL replied with unnecessary vehemence that the authors of the Treaty of Berlin ought not to depreciate its value by throwing doubts on its efficacy. He also taunted Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEACONSFIELD with their rejection at Berlin of a Russian proposal for common action. It is to be regretted that the triumph of his party, attended by his own return to office, should not have exercised on his mind a pacifying influence. Even Mr. GLADSTONE has of late been comparatively mild and non-aggressive; but the Duke of ARGYLL cannot forgive his enemies in their defeat. Lord SALISBURY, like Lord HARTINGTON in the opium debate, was accused, because he told the simple truth, of a pessimism which is not wholly inapplicable to the worst possible condition of affairs. At Fishmongers' Hall on Saturday last Lord GRANVILLE spoke in a more cheerful tone of a different matter. It may be inferred from his appeal to the German AMBASSADOR, who was present, that the Great Powers are agreed on the objects to be discussed at the Conference; and it is believed that the English Government has accepted the project by which Janina will be included in the territory of Greece. Some preliminary understanding is indispensable to the success of any Congress or Conference, inasmuch as independent Governments can seldom allow their policy to depend on arguments used in debate or on a majority of votes. The Ambassadors, under their full powers, will confine themselves to the consideration of details, being probably bound by their instructions to take certain decisions on the questions which they will ostensibly discuss. The object of the Governments is above all things to prevent a renewal of the war in the East by urging on the Porte, and if necessary enforcing, the performance of some or all of its obligations under the Treaty of Berlin. The Turkish Ministers may with some reason contend that their rights under the treaty are as sacred as their duties, and that the SULTAN has been virtually prohibited from establishing military posts in the Balkans; but the Conference will be concerned rather with the maintenance of peace than with strict adherence to logic. Greeks and Albanians may be ready to fight for their claims; but the Turkish Government will not go to war in vindication of its right to place garrisons in the Balkan positions.

The Conference is not expected to deal with the still more difficult questions which relate to Asiatic Turkey. It was of Armenia that Lord SALISBURY spoke when he expressed the opinion which produced the Duke of ARGYLL's acrimonious comment. Lord CARNARVON had explained the miserable and hopeless condition of the country; and Lord SALISBURY merely added that no remedy was to be found in diplomatic action at Constantinople. His own recent experience may well explain his feeling of despair. No English Minister could have been more consistently urgent in demanding the correction of abuses, and Sir HENRY LAYARD loyally executed the instructions of his chief; but, as Lord SALISBURY somewhat figuratively said, no pressure which can be applied at Constantinople

finds sufficient channels of transmission to the distant provinces of Asia. Many volumes of published correspondence confirm his further statement that the only beneficent agency is that exercised by the English Consuls and their subordinates, though they have unfortunately no sufficient means of giving effect to their incessant remonstrances. Their benevolent activity has at least convinced the suffering population of the good will and sound principles of the English Government. There are few provinces in Asiatic Turkey in which the assumption of administrative supremacy by England would not be enthusiastically welcomed. Perhaps even the Mahometans would be satisfied with equality if they and the races they despise were subject to a common superior. At present there seems to be no remedy for the corruption of provincial authorities, and for their failure to protect peaceable communities from the violence of lawless freebooters. The extermination of the lately dominant race, which has been attempted and partially accomplished in Bulgaria, is rendered impossible in Armenia and Asia Minor by the numbers of the Mahometan population. The juxtaposition of hostile races, arising from remote causes, is one of the most incurable of evils. The Turks, who during the period of their unquestioned supremacy were in ordinary cases comparatively tolerant and humane, meet with neither pity nor consideration from those who have succeeded to their power. If the Armenians could be treated like the Bulgarians, they would perhaps be equally disposed to maltreat their Mahometan neighbours.

Lord SALISBURY truly attributed the prevailing misery and anarchy to the war. The results of the Russian invasion fully justify the vigilant suspicion with which successive English Governments had regarded the well-known design of conquest. Russian writers no longer conceal the long preparation for the struggle which afterward found a pretext in the Bulgarian outrages. The statesmen of whom Lord PALMERSTON during the last twenty years of his life was the principal representative entertained no special affection for the Turks, although they were free from the fanatical antipathy which has since been felt or affected by Liberals. The reason for preventing external attacks on the power of the SULTAN was that his Empire was in existence, and that it could not be overthrown or dissolved except at the cost of incalculable danger and calamity. No sympathy was at that time felt for the revolutionary intrigues which constituted Russian diplomacy in the East. On the outbreak of the Polish insurrection in 1863, Lord PALMERSTON told Baron BRUNNOW, then Russian Ambassador in England, that he regretted an enterprise which would be ruinous to the Poles themselves. He added that, as far as the movement was inconvenient to the Russians, it was a just punishment for their endeavours to produce war and rebellion in the dominions of the SULTAN; and he offered to furnish Baron BRUNNOW with a list of the muskets and other munitions of war which had lately been despatched for the purpose to Bosnia and the neighbouring provinces. The Ambassador was expressly invited to communicate the conversation to Prince GORTCHAKOFF, who might perhaps never have organized an attack upon Turkey if Lord PALMERSTON had still been in office. Two or three years ago Lord BEACONSFIELD publicly avowed his belief that the war might have been prevented by consistent and resolute opposition on the part of England. He was hampered by wavering colleagues, and by the caprice of public opinion

when it was directed by an unseasonable and mischievous agitation. If his opinion was well founded, it is a cause for regret that the reopening of the Eastern question was not at least postponed for another ten or twenty years. The Slavs of Bulgaria and of Eastern Roumelia have derived benefit from the overthrow of Turkish power. On the other hand, the Mahometans have been exposed to scandalous injustice and cruelty; and no inconsiderable portion of their community has been destroyed by famine, by disease, and, in some cases, by massacres. The condition of Armenia and of Asiatic Turkey is that which was described by Lord CARNARVON; and the central Government is more incapable, more completely demoralized, and more hostile to European influence than at any former time.

The alternative policy which has since been expounded by Mr. GLADSTONE, though it had no supporters at the time, would have consisted of a joint intervention for the same objects with those which were actually attained by the war. According to this hypothetical and retrospective project, the SULTAN was to have been compelled by the joint action of the European Powers to concede to his subjects the practical independence which is known by the modern name of autonomy. One of two results would have immediately followed. Either the SULTAN would have made ostensible concessions with the intention of recurring on the first opportunity to former practice, or forcible resistance would have been offered to the demand. The Turkish armies, which, in spite of treachery and imbecility in high places, offered a stubborn resistance to Russia in 1876, might possibly have been a match for the forces of a divided and half-hearted coalition. The English Government, whatever might be its political character, would have been exposed to overwhelming indignation if it had aided in a Russian conquest of Turkey. The establishment of autonomy would have been effected, if at all, mainly by Russian troops, and the consequences might not have been widely different from the disastrous results of a single-handed invasion. The most tolerable condition of affairs is probably to be found in Bosnia, under Austrian rule. It is true that the Austrian title to the province would not bear strict examination, and that the commencement of the Eastern troubles was the Bosnian insurrection, which was contrived and fostered by Austrian agents; but the administration of the province is believed to be impartial and equitable; and, so far as Austrian authority extends, Mahometans and Christians are compelled to abstain from reciprocal slaughter and plunder. The Austrian Government may afford to bear the charge that the rents of the Bosnian landlords still continue to be paid, although their tenants are professed Christians. Elsewhere autonomy means the despotic power of the stronger party.

THE IRISH RELIEF BILL.

MR. FORSTER had no choice on Thursday but to withdraw the clause which he had proposed to add to the Irish Relief Bill. We wait to learn the reasons by which the Government defend a proposal at once so novel and so serious. Mr. FORSTER is not given to revolutionary expedients, and when one of the most Conservative members of a Liberal Government suddenly gives notice of what is in appearance a most revolutionary expedient, he has no doubt a claim to be heard in suspense of judgment. But it will be doing him no disservice to point out that the Government will have to establish a very strong case indeed before even the introduction of such a measure can be held to be justifiable. The Bill which is to take the place of the withdrawn clause will be much more than a Bill establishing fixity of tenure. Fixity of tenure has hitherto been supposed to be an unwarrantable interference with the rights of property, because it would deprive an Irish landlord of the power of asking what rent he chooses for his farms. But the Government Bill proposes to deprive an Irish landlord in certain districts, and for a certain time, of the power of asking any rent whatever. At all events, he will get nothing by asking. Until a date to be fixed in the Bill a landlord in the distressed districts will be fined if he evicts a tenant for non-payment of rent. The fine will be called "compensation for disturbance;" but it will be a fine all the same. Looking at the Bill in the worst light, it is a confiscation of the landlord's pro-

perty for the benefit of the tenant. Looking at it in the best light, it is an arbitrary taxation of the landlord's person for the benefit of the tenant. It is to be presumed that the line of defence adopted by the Government will be that, in certain districts of Ireland, the peasants are all but starving, and that, if the landlord stands on his rights and insists on getting either the rent or the farm, they must be deprived of their last chance of hanging on till better times, and be thrown upon the community for support. In order to avoid this, Parliament is to be asked to restrain the landlord from offering his tenants this alternative. He has lent his farm to a man in consideration of getting a certain payment in return, and he is now not to grumble if he gets neither payment nor farm. In what does this differ from a proposal to throw the maintenance of distressed Irish tenants on the landlords instead of on the rates? An owner of land will under this Bill be rated twice over—once as a member of the community bound to provide necessary relief for all destitute persons whatever, and once as a landlord bound to relieve his own tenants to the extent of the rent they have undertaken to pay him. Throughout the distressed districts, and for the time specified in the Bill, this impost will be universal. It is not to be supposed that a tenant protected by law against eviction will either pay rent or give up his farm. He will accept the Bill as a partial and temporary recognition of the rights of Irish tenants to hold their farms for ever subject to the payment of rent in good seasons and when it is not otherwise inconvenient, and he will esteem himself lucky to live in the part of the country in which this concession, so long demanded and so long withheld, has been first made. It is true that his claim to compensation in case of eviction will be subject to his acceptance of "just and reasonable terms as to rent, arrears of rent, and other—wise." But when, *ex hypothesi*, there is no rent to be had, what is the meaning of just and reasonable terms as to rent? The only terms which it will be of any use to the landlord to offer will be to go without it. There is no getting blood out of a stone, and consequently the landlord's only resource is to get rid of the stone. What the Government now propose to do is to compel him to keep the stone, subject to such "just and reasonable terms" as to getting blood out of it as a court of law shall prescribe.

When this question had for the moment been moved out of the way the Relief Bill was read second time, though not till after a long debate. The main objection taken to the Bill is the alleged impropriety of throwing the cost of relief on the Irish Church surplus. The Government have adopted the policy of their predecessors in this respect, except that they propose to double the sum which may thus be disposed of. The Irish Church Commissioners are to be ordered to advance to the Commissioners of Public Works a million and a half instead of three-quarters of a million, and the powers of the Commissioners of Public Works with regard to making loans are to be extended. Mr. PARNELL began his speech against the second reading of the Bill with the usual plea that no measures of relief will be effectual which do not include the establishment of an Irish Parliament to manage Irish affairs. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, if such a Parliament existed, among the affairs with the management of which it would be entrusted would be the relief of Irish distress. As even Mr. PARNELL has not, we believe, proposed that the Irish Parliament should have the power of voting English and Scotch money, the power of relieving Irish distress out of Imperial funds would thus fall to the ground. The only plea on which it is possible to base the demand that the loans which the Bill proposes to make from the Irish Church surplus shall be made from the Imperial exchequer—which is Mr. PARNELL's contention—is the identity of England and Ireland. If, whatever they may be in name, they are in fact one country, the proposal is arguable. If they are not one country, the exchequer out of which the loans must come—provided that they do not come out of the Irish Church surplus—must be the Irish, not the Imperial, exchequer. It may be suspected that, in proportion as this necessity becomes visible to Mr. PARNELL, his objection to the proposed use of the Irish Church surplus will disappear. At the same time we agree with Mr. SHAW that any appropriation of the Irish Church surplus which would prevent its application to the permanent benefit of the country would be a matter for regret. The relief of the

distress consequent on a bad harvest is hardly a proper object on which to spend a windfall which can never be replaced. What would there be to prevent the recurrence of a similar period of distress when there was no Irish Church surplus out of which to meet it? Bad harvests do not only succeed the disestablishment of Churches. It would be wiser to adopt some plan of relief to which resort could again be had when a similar necessity arose. If it was thought desirable to apply the surplus to the relief of distress, it might be capitalized, and only the interest put to this use. In this way the means of relief would be the same in one period of distress as in another. The force of this objection, however, is greatly weakened by the fact that the Irish Church Commissioners are not directed to give money, but only to lend it. Some loss no doubt will accrue upon the transaction; but the principal will in the end be replaced, and be available either for similar loans in future years or for appropriation to some more permanent national purpose.

Mr. FORSTER defended the Bill mainly on the ground that it is necessary to fulfil the contracts already entered into under the Relief Bill of last Session, and that the money to do this is not forthcoming. The late Parliament virtually gave Irish landlords a promise that, if they could find security, they might borrow money up to the 31st of next month at 1 per cent.; and it provided 750,000l. out of which to make this promise good. The new Parliament has succeeded to this obligation, and the Government, on coming to consider how it is to be fulfilled, discover that they are pledged considerably beyond the 750,000l. Thereupon there is nothing to be done but to provide more money, and this is really the sole object of the present Relief Bill. The Government do not hold themselves responsible for the wisdom of the contracts entered into by their predecessors, but they do hold themselves responsible for the performance of them. Mr. FORSTER himself seems disposed to trust to outdoor relief rather than to these loans for meeting the distress; but he thinks that the loans to landlords have done good, though not perhaps the most good that might have been done. The most ominous part of his speech was the reference at the end to the possibility of another bad harvest.

GREECE AT GUILDHALL.

THE King of the HELLENES has been received in solemn state by the City of London. The presence of the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES lent lustre, and that of Mr. GLADSTONE importance, to the occasion. Everything possible was said and done to mark the wish of the Corporation to discharge adequately its duty on what the LORD MAYOR termed an occasion of "knitting nations together and uniting peoples." The ancient Greeks were praised, the modern Greeks were praised, and the English in return were thanked. The address presented by the RECORDER informed the KING that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen have watched with much interest the progress of the Kingdom of the Hellenes under the benign sway of His MAJESTY, and the extraordinary development of commercial enterprise with foreign States, and particularly with Great Britain, since Greece was liberated and placed under a free constitutional rule. The KING replied that he felt gratified to hear that the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen have remarked and appreciated the truly remarkable progress achieved by his people since their liberation. Lunch followed; and the LORD MAYOR, inspired by the occasion and by the presence of such illustrious guests, broke into a strain of poetic rapture. A quotation supplied him with the sentiment that the heroes of Greece command in the mountains of their native land a mightier monument than the nameless Pyramids in which Kings lie buried. "I wish," said the LORD MAYOR, "the prosperity of your kingdom may be as fully established as the mountains referred to in those lines, and your peace as undisturbed as the broad seas they overshadow." It is not often that a wandering monarch has so fine a sentiment offered him, and the King of the HELLENES could certainly not have hoped to have it offered him at home, where his rhapsodists must be too familiar with the appearance of the Aegean in a Northerly gale. The KING modestly replied that he took these flowery compliments as addressed, not so much to himself, as to the cause of freedom which he represented in his particular part of Europe. He would have liked, he said, to enter into some details as to

the astonishing progress which Greece is making; but he feared that his knowledge of the English language was not adequate, and he had therefore to confine himself to general remarks. It is unfortunate that the KING's English, like the health of Prince BISMARCK, should be of a nature to give way exactly at the moment when something specially interesting is expected. We would not give up the LORD MAYOR's mountains and undisturbed seas, but we would willingly give up everything else that was said on this occasion in order to have had a few facts from so high an authority as to this astonishing progress of Greece and the Greeks. Mr. GLADSTONE closed the proceedings by a long speech, in which he comforted the KING by assuring him that the study of ancient Greek is pursued in England as vigorously as ever, and that the cause of Greece is equally dear to Englishmen of every party. The KING has timed his visit well, for if he had come only a very little sooner he might have heard the same orator proclaim that sympathy with Greece was the monopoly of Liberals. In conclusion, Mr. GLADSTONE adverted to what, in the language of the ancient Greeks, might be termed the divine good chance that had befallen the Corporation, and had guided it to fix the reception of the KING for the very day when the Berlin Conference was to begin its sittings and mark out the border-line of the territory by which Greece is to be enlarged.

From poetry we must come to prose, and endeavour to supply from the Consular Reports presented to Parliament some of those facts which the KING's imperfect English prevented him from offering to the English public. King GEORGE at the age of eighteen accepted the crown of Greece, in 1863, so that he has now reigned seventeen years, and has passed from boyhood to manhood in his strange home. His time has been largely occupied by the formation and resignation of Ministries, the average duration of his Ministries being less than a year. His kingdom enjoys a revenue of a little over 1,600,000l., and indulges in an expenditure of a little over 2,100,000l. The deficit in the last year for which a return has been published is larger than that in ordinary years, owing to the efforts Greece has recently been making to augment its military strength. But there always is a deficit in Greek finance, and we find this habitual deficit attributed in the *Statesman's Year-Book* to the excessive number of Government officials, which is said to amount to one-twelfth of the total population. As the total population is calculated at somewhat over 1,600,000, there would thus be 140,000 officials, a number which we have no means of disputing, but which we should have thought simply incredible. The KING started well, for not only did he bring with him Corfu as a present from England, but he had a loan granted him of upwards of two millions sterling, guaranteed by England, France, and Russia. Each Power guarantees its own third of the loan, and by a subsequent arrangement what Greece had to pay for each third of the loan was reduced to a sum of 12,000l. a year; and out of our fraction we very kindly allow the KING by way of pocket money 4,000l. a year. So that the KING, while enjoying the impassioned oratory of the LORD MAYOR, must have had it in his mind that he was getting something out of England much more substantial than fruit, flowers, and poetry. He has got a little navy, comprising two ironclads, and manned by 384 sailors, and it may be hoped that the crews are kept in good order, as they are commanded by no fewer than 269 officers. He has also got an army, the normal strength of which is 14,000 men; and here again the same attentive provision for discipline is observable, for 3,000 officers command 11,000 privates. The trade of Greece is almost entirely with England, and appears to be curiously stationary. Ten years ago the exports from Greece to Great Britain amounted to 1,526,000l.; now they have risen to 1,763,000l. These exports to Great Britain consist almost entirely of currants, as Greece has nothing else to send us. The imports of British produce into Greece, consisting chiefly of cotton goods, ten years ago reached 974,000l., and now reach 982,000l. In short, Greece, having nothing else to send, sends us currants, and takes back a trifling amount of cotton goods, and both in regard to its supply and its demand stands to us almost exactly as it stood ten years ago.

Figures like these will explain the regret which all persons acquainted with Consular statistics must have felt at the sudden collapse of the KING's English just as he was going to justify in detail the statement of the

address that there has been an extraordinary development of Greek commercial enterprise with foreign States, and particularly with Great Britain. The LORD MAYOR and Aldermen assured the KING that they have a keen eye for currants, and have watched with unrelaxing vigilance the arrivals of cargoes of this useful fruit. Probably, therefore, the statement that there has been an astonishing development of Greek commercial enterprise may warrant us in assuming that more currants have come to hand than is generally supposed; but the increase appears to have escaped the less penetrating watchfulness of our Consular authorities. Greece is mainly an agricultural country; but, far from having agricultural produce to export, it has to make up by importations from South Russia the corn which it cannot grow in sufficient quantities for itself; and the general condition of Greek agriculture may be to some extent inferred from the fact that the kingdom is inhabited by about two million goats, who browse about at will and destroy whatever tempts them. The two most favourable signs that prosaic inquirers can find in the present condition of Greece are the rapid increase of population and the attention given to public instruction. In nine years from 1870 the increase of population was 221,000, or about 14 per cent. It is extremely unfair to compare Greece with other small States which are thriving on the basis of an ancient civilization. If a just comparison is to be made, Portugal may be taken as the highest class of State with which Greece can be compared. From that excellent repertory of information, Mr. MARTIN'S *Year-Book*, we learn that in six years the population of Portugal, which is about four millions, only increased by 60,000, or 1½ per cent., so that in this respect Greece may be fairly said to be shooting far ahead of Portugal. Education has undoubtedly also made some progress in Greece. Although compulsory education has been nominally established for nearly half a century, the education of the poor still remains in a very backward state. So lately as 1870 it was found that only seven per cent. of the grown-up women could read or write. But a greater success appears to have attended the efforts to give a higher education to those who can take advantage of it. There are schools where ancient Greek is taught, there are gymnasia for the more advanced, and there is a University which is understood to turn out proportionately more advocates and doctors with nothing to do than any similar institution in Europe. The truth is that Greece is still very new, very poor, and very backward. It still must point to a possible future, and not to an ascertained present. Englishmen of all parties will join with Mr. GLADSTONE in hoping that the future of Greece may be as bright as its most ardent friends anticipate. But if we are to look at Greece, not as it may be, but as it is, we must take off a heavy discount before we can accept the flowery statements of the Guildhall festivities.

MR. O'DONNELL'S QUESTION.

THE confused squabble in the House of Commons on Monday night was highly unsatisfactory. There is but one opinion as to Mr. O'DONNELL's taste, and there are not many opinions about Mr. GLADSTONE's tact and prudence. Sir W. HARROD had a few days before created general irritation by his hares-and-rabbits speech; but, according to a writer of extreme democratic opinions, he had selected the best mode of advocating a Bill which, according to the same authority, can only be carried by terror. He would have been better advised if he had followed a different course of proceeding in the later discussion. It was quite useless to try to frighten Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE by accusing him of giving powerful support to Mr. O'DONNELL. Lord HARTINGTON afterwards made the best of an awkward blunder by contending that new remedies were necessary for unprecedented breaches of order. In a case where there was no appeal to his party loyalty, Lord HARTINGTON would not seriously maintain that extempore rules ought to be invented and applied, especially by so impetuous a leader of the House as Mr. GLADSTONE. The SPEAKER ruled that no such course had been followed for two hundred years; but he somewhat compromised his authority when he added that during that period no similar provocation had occurred. The SPEAKER has certainly not read all the debates since the Revolution of 1688, which contain some specimens of sufficiently extravagant language. Not a hundred years have elapsed since

BURKE hurled down his celebrated dagger on the floor of the House of Commons. Resuscitated precedents drawn from distant times are sometimes the grossest innovations. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH fortunately failed in their attempt to introduce life peers into the House of Lords, although they were able to quote some cases of the same kind in the early days of the TUDORS. Mr. GLADSTONE was scarcely more felicitous in his reference to his own contrivance for overcoming the resistance of the Peers to the abolition of the paper duty. Constitutional statesmen ought to abide by the letter and spirit of modern or contemporary legislation.

The impropriety of Mr. O'DONNELL's question and speech was curiously illustrated by the unanimous disapproval of his own party; but perhaps his friends objected rather to the application of his censure than to the gross indecency of a public attack on a foreign Ambassador. It is Mr. O'DONNELL's pleasure to be a Roman Catholic first, and a democrat afterwards. To this extent the Irish priests, though they have lost much of their electoral influence, are deemed to be still worth conciliation. The majority of the party are rather democratic than Ultramontane, and they can pardon M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR'S hostility to the Church in consideration of his avowed and strong Republican opinions. They were perhaps as little careful as Mr. O'DONNELL to inquire whether he had really ordered a body of soldiers to be shot in cold blood; and they may have shared the common belief that he is extremely unlikely to have sacked a convent. Some vigorous episodes in his administration of Lyons would suit the popular Irish taste. It was well that Sir CHARLES DILKE had the means of vindicating the character of the French AMBASSADOR from Mr. O'DONNELL's imputations. Nothing could be more characteristic than Mr. O'DONNELL's determination to persevere by the aid of a fiction which has often been used for similar purposes. The announcement by a member who is called to order that he intends to conclude with a motion is familiar to all readers of debates. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE reminded Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT had employed the same pretext for making an elaborate speech only a few months ago. The SPEAKER deserves credit for his consistent efforts to suppress a practice which is obviously inconvenient. He has not fully succeeded, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE attributes his failure to the indisposition of the late leaders of Opposition to support his own remonstrances against the abuse.

The interest of the question whether a formal motion would justify an otherwise irregular speech was entirely superseded by Mr. GLADSTONE's startling motion that Mr. O'DONNELL be not heard. He rose in the first instance to order, though he afterwards denied that he had called Mr. O'DONNELL to order. It is hardly necessary to say that a call to order is necessarily addressed to some offender. Mr. GLADSTONE's motion was a much more striking violation of order as the term has been commonly understood. The great majority of the House was wholly free from any desire to hear Mr. O'DONNELL, but it was scarcely prepared to silence him by a method which might suppress all freedom of debate. The consequences which might follow from the establishment of such a precedent were at once generally perceived; and among others Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE exposed in temperate language the objections to the proposed novelty, when Sir W. HARROD discerned in his argument a complicity with the chief offender. The Irish members who had declined to take part in the original quarrel at once burst into full cry against a presumptuous and despotic Minister. It was easy to assume that Mr. GLADSTONE claimed for himself a right to silence any opponent by inducing his majority to vote that a hostile speech should not be heard. To mere temperate critics it was obvious that any power which Mr. GLADSTONE claimed for himself must, if it were recognized, be shared by the humblest member of the House. It would be bad enough that a tyrannical Minister should suppress freedom of debate, but a general right of prohibition on the motion of any private member would produce intolerable anarchy. After a long and varied discussion, Mr. GLADSTONE had the good sense to withdraw his hasty motion; and he had no need to renew it when Mr. O'DONNELL attempted to repeat his offensive questions and statements. There seems to be no reason why the Standing Orders should not be amended so as to prevent speeches made on the pretext of fictitious motions. If the SPEAKER at the same time excluded from the paper argumentative questions, a certain check would be offered

to irrelevance and obstruction. His refusal to allow Mr. O'DONNELL on Thursday to put a question which has in consequence not been divulged met with the unanimous approval of the House. Only a few minutes were wasted by the protest of the aggrieved member, who, finding it hopeless to create further disturbance, judiciously relieved the House of his presence. A vote that a member should not be heard might be interposed, like the veto of a Roman Tribune, in the midst of the most necessary business. One member indeed, in a spirit of humorous retaliation, reduced the proposal to absurdity by moving that Sir W. HARCOURT himself should not be heard. The Irish members at least were determined that the House should have the advantage of hearing their remonstrances and protests, one of their number complacently reminding the House of the twenty-six hours' sitting in 1877 which did so much to bring Parliamentary debate into contempt.

The provisional or partial alliance between the Government and the Home Rule party seems to be already dissolved. The speeches of several Irish members on the conflict between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. O'DONNELL contained threats of obstruction which will probably be carried into effect on the first opportunity. Even Mr. FORSTER's admission of the principle that compensation may in certain cases be given for disturbance on non-payment of rent will fail to conciliate the representatives of the Land League. It cannot be said that in the last Parliament Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was remarkably successful in dealing with the question of obstruction, but the Standing Order which he passed, with the consent of both parties, immediately before the dissolution may possibly be effective for the purpose. Lord PALMERSTON or Mr. DISRAELI, in their best days, might perhaps have exercised an influence over the House of Commons which has not been acquired by their successors. Mr. GLADSTONE has the advantage of unequalled eloquence, and he commands an irresistible majority; but he has never been distinguished by skill in the management of men, and some of his colleagues have the undesirable faculty of producing constant irritation. The prospects of a tranquil and useful Session are at present not encouraging. The BRADLAUGH controversy, which may perhaps not even have approached its conclusion, has already wasted much valuable time. The annoyance and resentment which are provoked by the unjustifiable Bill for the suppression of ground game will find the fuller expression because Sir W. HARCOURT has thought it expedient to offer unnecessary offence to the proposed victims of one-sided legislation. On one of the Government measures the House will perhaps be really unanimous, though the opponents of the measure will not avow their real indifference to the provisions which they may ostensibly oppose. The best argument for the reduction of the Irish borough franchise is to be found in the character of some of the members who are returned under the present system. A further degradation of the suffrage will establish theoretical symmetry, and it can scarcely make the representation much worse. It is not known whether Sir G. CAMPBELL will press his motion for the postponement of the Bill until a more comprehensive Irish Reform Bill is introduced. The great majority of the Liberal party, and perhaps a section of the Opposition, will gladly deprive the Irish agitators of one of their favourite grievances. If the obstructive faction should unexpectedly suspend its operations during the Session, it will almost establish a claim to a kind of gratitude.

THE BRADLAUGH COMMITTEE REPORT.

WE in England have a habit, some of us of congratulating ourselves upon the absence of a too rigid attention to logical consistency in matters of public importance, and some of us of deplored this absence. Both parties can find material to their purpose in the Report of the Committee on the BRADLAUGH case. This Report practically upsets the conclusion arrived at by the previous Committee, with the additional eccentricity that the conclusion in question lay quite out of the scope of the actual inquiry. That Select Committees should report adversely to one another is perhaps nothing very novel or remarkable. But that a Committee which was supposed to be merely an enlarged edition of its predecessor, and which was appointed, not to reconsider the decision of that predecessor, but to consider the further issues which that decision had opened up, should

find its way out of its difficulty by eluding it altogether and ignoring the very conditions of its own existence—this surely is a curious state of things. The first Committee decided before the 20th of May that persons judicially permitted in certain cases to make affirmation instead of oath in courts of justice could not be admitted to the same alternative in the House of Commons. In so deciding they gave their opinion with the strictest pertinence to the reference made to them. The reference to the present Committee included the facts and circumstances under which Mr. BRADLAUGH claims to make, not the affirmation, but the oath, the law applicable to his claim, and the right and jurisdiction of the House to concede or refuse that claim. On all these points the Committee report adversely to Mr. BRADLAUGH, and if their Report had stopped here there would have been nothing to be said against it. The House, being in doubt about its powers, has appointed two Committees to enlighten it on the two different parts of the case. The first Committee was to deal with the affirmation, the second with the oath; and if the Reports of both had been guided by the same attention to the terms of the reference, they would have furnished the House with all sufficient information.

It has, however, been sufficiently evident all along that the Government aimed at something more than this. Their desire—a desire by no means unnatural, if not wholly justifiable—has been to avoid the responsibility of handling a rather unsavoury business. This responsibility they would not have avoided had the second Committee been as careful not to go *ultra vires* as the first. The House, with the evidence before it that Mr. BRADLAUGH could not be allowed to affirm, and ought not to be allowed to make oath, would have had either to refuse him all means of fulfilling his constituents' mandate, or to legislate afresh for his relief. In either case the Government must have taken a side—a thing which they clearly do not desire to do, and which their previous conduct in the matter has made it anything but easy for them to do. It was therefore in their interest that some back way, if possible, should be found out of the difficulty, and this back way was found by a very singular device, due, it seems, to the ingenuity of Mr. Serjeant SIMON. The legitimate conclusion of the Report had been reached, the reasons of the Committee for thinking that Mr. BRADLAUGH's compliance with the form of taking the oath would not be a taking of it within the meaning of the statute, being rather ingenious and quite conclusive. Mr. BRADLAUGH, say the Committee, has alleged his own practice of affirming in courts of justice. Now, before so affirming, he must have satisfied the judge that an oath would not be binding on his conscience. Therefore in the parallel case the oath must be supposed to be equally not-binding, and the taking of it cannot be held to be a satisfaction of the demands of the statute. At this point Sir R. CROSS moved to add "That Mr. BRADLAUGH cannot 'take his seat unless enabled to do so by fresh legislation.'" This was practically only a summing up, in other words, of the conclusions (separately arrived at, but mutually complementary) of the two Committees; and the addition of the words, "It does not, however, appear to your Committee to come within the scope of their reference to make any special recommendation on the subject," saved it from the objection to which the alternative addition of Mr. Serjeant SIMON is exposed. That addition ignores the scope of the reference in a manner almost heroic, reverses the decision of the previous Committee with still greater audacity, and makes a recommendation which, whatever its convenience to the Government and some of their supporters, is of extraordinary feebleness, and at the same time undignified to the last degree. Mr. Serjeant SIMON's paragraph rehearsing the circumstances of the former Committee's decision and the proportion of the votes suggests that Mr. BRADLAUGH should be allowed to affirm without interference, subject to the decision of the courts of law in an action, which anybody is at liberty to bring, for the penalties incurred by a member who exercises his privileges unsworn. At this action, as at the affirmation, the House is requested to wink, despite its ancient and far from unhealthy jealousy of any meddling in its affairs by the courts of law. The paragraph was carried by a "straight" party vote, even Mr. HORWOOD, whose action practically decided the opinion of the former Committee, taking the same line as his political friends.

It cannot be doubted that the adoption of this

Report will meet with strenuous opposition in the House, and there is as little doubt that this opposition will be amply justified. Indeed it would require some ingenuity to draw up a paragraph which should be wrong in more ways than Mr. Serjeant SIMON's. In the first place, there is the objection—technically at least fatal and final—that the Committee have entirely overstepped their reference in making any such recommendation. They were not asked to tell the House what it should do generally, but what were the facts and what was the law as to certain specific points. They were not asked to discuss the division lists of the previous Committee. They were not instructed to consider the question of affirmation at all. They were not asked whether the courts of law could supply at a pinch a way out of the difficulty. They were not asked whether the House should or should not "exercise its power to prevent Mr. BRADLAUGH" from adopting this way. On all these points, therefore, the recommendation is practically not the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, but simply the private opinion of a dozen members who happen to find themselves in a committee-room with nine other members of a different opinion. And this recommendation, technically irregular and worthless, is at least as bad in matter as it is in form. The flat contradiction of the result arrived at by the previous Committee may be said to be part of its technical, rather than of its material defects, though this also is in itself a most dangerous and mischievous precedent, made more mischievous and dangerous by the reason assigned for it. But the actual recommendation itself gives amply sufficient hold even to the least enterprising opponent. At present it must be admitted that there is no evidence before the House to show that affirmation, instead of swearing, is in any case legally possible for Mr. BRADLAUGH. The SPEAKER does not consider himself justified in saying that it is, and a Select Committee has decided that it is not. Yet the House, to whose judgment the matter was distinctly referred by the SPEAKER himself, is invited to refrain altogether from giving that judgment, and to permit a proceeding which the only authoritative decision pronounces to be inadmissible. And it is to do this in the hope that somebody or other will thereupon save it from the consequences of its inaction, and from the disagreeableness of deciding on any action at all, by having recourse to a court of law.

It is impossible to imagine the House of Commons cutting a sorrier figure than that which it is proposed that it shall assume in this matter. For, apart from the indignity and cowardice of thus shirking a decision, it must be remembered that the House, by adopting the recommendation of the Committee, will not merely be exposing Mr. BRADLAUGH to an action and a possible penalty. By conniving at his affirmation, the House will have made itself one with Mr. BRADLAUGH, and will invite the courts of law to pronounce on the legality and propriety of its own conduct. A more lame and impotent conclusion it would be impossible to imagine. Its indirect object is indeed, as we have said, obvious, and the Government ought no doubt to be grateful to Serjeant SIMON for his intentions; but it is by no means certain that the bypath he has indicated to them will not, like other bypaths, land them in a much profounder slough of difficulty than a more straightforward course would have done. There is, to begin with, the certainty of a great fight on extremely disadvantageous ground, and where a numerical victory must inevitably be attended with hopeless defeat in argument. Next there is the extraordinary and most damaging spectacle which will be presented by a collusive action, if it be collusive, or by a genuine action brought by some one who dares to do the duty which Ministry and Parliament have shirked. Lastly, there is in all probability in store for Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues a dilemma not less embarrassing than that from which they are trying to escape. Whether the decision of a court is for or against Mr. BRADLAUGH, it will probably be found impossible to leave the matter without an attempt at some more satisfactory settlement in the way of legislation, or else without leaving the elect of Northampton still deprived of his seat. The bypath will in that case simply have led round into the high road at about the same spot as that whence the traveller diverged. In such cases it not unfrequently happens that the traveller emerges not only with loss of time and temper, but also of cleanliness.

THE BUDGET.

THE most objectionable part of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budget is the additional penny of Income-tax which alone renders the other provisions possible. If it is only retained for one year the burden will be borne with more or less impatience; but experience shows that every increase in the rate has a tendency to survive the occasion of its immediate origin. No Finance Minister has altered the percentage of the tax on income so often or so largely as Mr. GLADSTONE. In 1860 he made an additional penny in the pound the condition of the repeal of the paper duty which was effected in the following year. It is not surprising that he should refer with complacency to an experiment which has proved eminently successful. It is now difficult to recall the time when the manufacture of paper, of glass, and of bricks was restrained and embarrassed by the constant supervision of the Excise. Mr. GLADSTONE had good reason for his lively description of the panic as to rags which, before the introduction of many alternative materials of paper-making, seemed not unreasonable. On the present occasion he will have no need to provoke an irritating conflict with the House of Lords, or to strain the Constitution by the device of an indivisible Budget, which has since been adopted, in an exaggerated form, by colonial imitators. In the late O'DONNELL debate Mr. GLADSTONE boasted that his experiment of 1861 had no precedent within more than two hundred years. He failed to perceive that he uttered the strongest censure on an innovation in the form of a revival of obsolete practice. The excuse for such operations as those of 1860 and 1880 is that, in removing, by aid of the Income-tax, duties on commodities, a Chancellor of the Exchequer may create an elastic source of wealth, if not of revenue. The whole community has probably been enriched by the abolition of the paper duty to a much larger amount than the sum contributed for the purpose in the form of Income-tax. It is nevertheless desirable to remember that in such cases one class is relieved at the expense of another; and financiers ought always to bear in mind the special inequality which is caused by every additional penny in the pound. The Income-tax is approximately just when it is levied for a long period at the same rate; for ten terms of an income worth three years' purchase, earned perhaps by half a dozen successive recipients, are equal in value to an annuity for thirty years. An Income-tax for a single year is levied on earnings and profits at the same rate as on property which may be thirtyfold greater in value. Another class of taxpayers will in the present instance be subject to oppression, if not to inequality. Landowners are now suffering under an extraordinary depression which is not unlikely to be more or less permanent. Their share of the extra penny in the pound will in many cases be levied on imaginary receipts which might rather be described as losses. The ease with which the official operator gives another turn to the fiscal screw sometimes blinds him to the pain which he inflicts on the victim.

In one respect the payers of Income-tax may possibly receive eventual compensation for their almost exclusive share in the latest addition to the public burdens. The beer duty, like the Income-tax, will furnish future Governments with another variable or elastic revenue in times of difficulty. The malt duty could not have been temporarily increased without risk of active opposition from the farmers, who are still a powerful body. A percentage on beer will in the first instance fall on a few thousands of brewers, who will perhaps not be able to pass on the burden to the consumers. A candidate at a late election was said to propound, as his central principle and chief claim to the confidence of a constituency, the simple maxim of beer at a penny a quart. Though his aspirations will not be realized, a custom almost as binding as law has fixed the retail price of beer. The publicans and the brewers, if they find that their profits are declining, can only secure themselves against loss, not by increase of price, but by deterioration of quality. For these reasons it will be in the power of future Chancellors of the Exchequer to meet sudden demands by additional taxation of beer in place of income; or probably to effect both operations at the same time. A shilling charge on thirty-six gallons will correspond to less than a twelfth of a penny on a pint of beer. The manufacturer and the vendor will be compelled to divide the loss; and at present popular feeling is hostile to publicans,

and indifferent to the complaints of brewers, especially to those of the richer part of their body. Mr. GLADSTONE will not seriously justify the double burden which he imposes on publicans as a retribution for their hostility during the late election. Vindictive finance would be only worthy of a Jacobin, though the Liberal party will not be unwilling to propagate a superstitious belief in the bad luck which attends opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE. The Hares and Rabbits Bill inflicts profound annoyance on the landlords whom Mr. GLADSTONE denounced as his enemies, and the heavy tax on public-houses will be at least equally unpalatable to the licensed victuallers; but the increased charge for licences will be defended on less immoral grounds. Late changes in the law and increased strictness of administration have produced their intended effect in discouraging the establishment of new public-houses, though the old licences have not been withdrawn. The trade, therefore, enjoys a more and more valuable monopoly, which is by an odd coincidence the immediate result of the temperance agitation. It is difficult or impossible to judge whether the proposed licence duty is moderate or excessive in amount; but a privilege which insures large profits to the holder is, in itself, a legitimate subject of taxation. A portion of the burden, though not the whole, will fall on the owners of public-houses, who are rarely the same with the occupiers. In towns and in many country districts, the brewers, as the principal holders of public-house property, will be expected to divide the burden with their tenants.

The brewers will also complain of the disagreeable intervention of the revenue officers with their processes of manufacture and their conduct of business. There is undoubtedly a strong objection to Excise duties, though they are perhaps somewhat less popularly odious than when JOHNSON inserted his celebrated definition in his Dictionary. The only excuse for an excise on beer is that money must be had; and that, as compared with beer, malt approaches more nearly to the character of a raw material. The maltsters will therefore gain an advantage somewhat greater than the grievance which is inflicted on brewers; and when the same person conducts both trades his gains will probably exceed his loss. Brewers will perhaps be supplied with better and cheaper malt to compensate in part for the duties to which they are liable. To the balance of hardship which remains they must reconcile themselves as to a permanent evil. The tax, once imposed, will not be repealed in the lifetime of the present generation, unless a future financier more inventive than Mr. GLADSTONE himself should substitute some other subject-matter for beer, as beer now takes the place of malt. Mr. GLADSTONE's predecessors properly refused to reduce the malt duty, because it was not worth while to interfere with the trade except for the sake of obtaining a large revenue; and they shrank from abolition because they were not so clever or so bold as Mr. GLADSTONE. Few persons now alive recollect the old beer duty which was abolished amidst universal satisfaction more than fifty years ago. The technical difficulty of gauging the quality of beer for the purpose of proportionate taxation will be imperfectly surmounted. If all beer were of the same strength and purity, a tax on the sale of the commodity would be less vexatious than an Excise duty, and it would be equally productive.

The confidence which is felt in Mr. GLADSTONE's financial skill and fortune accounts for the general readiness to overlook the circumstance that the Budget is at present provisional. The proposed reduction of the Customs duties on wine is professedly offered as the price of the concession of a reasonable treaty of commerce with France. The fallacy involved in the transaction is generally understood in England; but practical necessities are properly preferred to sound theories. The eminent economist who was lately French Ambassador probably represented to Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE that it would be impossible to convince the Chamber of the expediency of comparatively unrestricted trade, except by offering a direct and tangible boon to some section of French producers. The reduction of the wine duties had probably been arranged with M. LÉON SAY, who had not left London at the date of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. It had been taken for granted that the AMBASSADOR had the authority of his Government to offer a treaty not more onerous to English commerce than that which is about to expire; but M. DE FREYCINET has since assured the Chamber that his Government has not entered into any agreement. Mr. GLADSTONE's unwise proposal of taxing bottled wines at a higher

rate will divide even the wine-growers, and unite in hostility to a treaty all who are interested in the manufacture or sale of bottles and corks. The chances, on the whole, are against the fulfilment of the conditions on which the reduction of the wine duty depends. It remains to be seen whether the Chamber will ratify any engagement which may have been assumed by the Ministers. M. POUYER QUERTIER and M. WADDINGTON of Rouen will not relax in their endeavours to retain a monopoly in their own manufactures for the sake of creating an additional demand for the produce of the Southern vineyards. The wine-growers are probably not so well organized as the cotton-spinners; but the proposal made by the English Government will perhaps, with some additional concession, influence the popular sentiment. The reduction of the duty, amounting to three-halfpence on a pint of light claret, will not greatly matter to the English consumer. It is not stated whether the rest of the Budget is to be enacted if the French Government should fail to make the concessions which were to compensate for the reduction of the wine duty.

THE FRENCH SENATE AND THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

THE delicacy of the negotiations upon the success of which the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce depends is clearly shown by some recent proceedings in the French Senate. On Monday M. DE FREYCINET waited on the Tariff Committee to give explanations of the alleged signature by M. LÉON SAY and Lord GRANVILLE of certain bases on which the negotiations are to proceed. The Senate is evidently not at all disposed to have a treaty concluded over the head of the Legislature, and upon this point it will probably find the Chamber of Deputies in complete accord with it. It is unfortunate perhaps that the necessities of English finance should have driven Mr. GLADSTONE to make so full an exposition of the aims of the English Government as he made in his Budget speech. The reduction of the wine duties is not a measure which an English Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been likely to propose on its merits. So far as the revision of the imposts on alcohol are concerned, the abolition of the Malt-tax would have given him quite occupation enough for one Session. Consequently Mr. GLADSTONE could not touch the wine duties without giving a full statement of the reason which induced him to take them in hand, and the reason which induced him to take them in hand was simply that, unless he was authorized to do so, he would have nothing to offer to the French negotiators in return for the concessions he asks from them. Accordingly the whole story had to be told, and, when told, it was hardly of a kind to satisfy a Budget Committee strongly affected by Protectionist views. M. DE FREYCINET was able to reassure the Committee as to the extent to which the French Government are already pledged to the conclusion of the treaty. The Government, he said, had made no agreement on the subject. The letters which had been exchanged between M. SAY and Lord GRANVILLE had been of the most general kind. M. SAY had offered to open negotiations with Great Britain for the renewal of the treaty of 1860 on four bases—the reduction of the English wine duties, the exclusion from the treaty of any reference to cattle and agricultural produce entering France, the check of Customs frauds, and the improvement of the *status quo* in the sense of the development of the commercial relations between the two countries. By this letter M. DE FREYCINET admitted that the French Government were bound. What the Senate is anxious to know, however, is not so much whether the French Government are bound by M. SAY's letter as whether they are bound by the interpretation which Lord GRANVILLE places upon M. SAY's letter. Lord GRANVILLE, in his reply, accepts the four points enumerated by M. LÉON SAY as offering a satisfactory basis of negotiations, but he makes the fourth point a little more definite. The improvement in the *status quo*, he says, must necessarily mean a reduction of the duties on the chief products of English industry. The commercial relations between the two countries can be developed in this way and in no other, though this reduction need not extend to all English products. It was consoling to the Committee to learn from M. DE FREYCINET that nothing in Lord GRANVILLE's letter, as such, committed the French Government; but when he

had left them they could not disguise their uneasiness lest the French Government should find themselves bound, not by Lord GRANVILLE's letter, but by the hard and unpleasant fact underlying Lord GRANVILLE's letter. It is true that the words "developing the commercial relations between 'the two countries'" do not mean a reduction of the tariff simply because this is the sense in which Lord GRANVILLE takes them. But they may mean a reduction of the tariff, not because it is the sense in which Lord GRANVILLE takes them, but because it is the only sense which can possibly be put upon them. If the Treaty of Commerce is not renewed, the duties on English goods imported into France will be regulated by the new general tariff. Unless, therefore, the proposed development of the commercial relations between the two countries is to admit English goods into France on easier terms than those prescribed by the general tariff, it will not be a development at all. It will either leave the commercial relations between the two countries where the general tariff leaves them, or it will alter them for the worse.

The Committee finally determined to put a question in the Senate the next day. The Chairman discussed with the Committee what sort of speech he should make, and on Tuesday he asked M. DE FREYCINET whether he would await the passing of the general tariff by the Senate before concluding any new commercial treaties, what was the bearing of the correspondence between M. SAY and Lord GRANVILLE, and whether as a matter of fact the Government had interpreted that correspondence in the sense in which Lord GRANVILLE had interpreted it. Questions of this kind, asked by a protectionist Committee, are not easily answered by a Government which is more enlightened in such matters than its examiners. M. DE FREYCINET was able to rest his refusal to give any pledge about the date at which a treaty with England should be concluded on the constitutional right of the Executive to conclude treaties, subject to their acceptance or rejection by the Legislature. As regards the correspondence between M. SAY and Lord GRANVILLE, the Minister said that the French Government were bound by the words of their own representative, and by no others, and that Lord GRANVILLE had a right to form his own opinion of M. SAY's meaning. The majority of the Senators present seem to have been reassured by the recollection that the Treaty of Commerce would in the end have to be submitted to the Chambers, and consequently that, if M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR signs something which he ought not to sign, it will go for nothing until the Senate and the Chamber have ratified his handiwork. The protectionist minority remained, of course, irreconcilable; M. POUYER-QUERTIER in particular regretting that the Government stood committed even to M. SAY's letter. M. POUYER-QUERTIER is a consistent protectionist; and, quite naturally, he does not wish the commercial relations of France and England to be developed. In his opinion, every country should, as far as possible, be self-sufficing and self-contained. He does not want to see English goods allowed to come into France with greater freedom than at present. On the contrary, he wishes them kept out altogether. It is of far more moment, in his estimation, that France should manufacture cottons than that she should export wines, and he knows very well that the English Government will not reduce the duty on wines unless the French Government are ready to reduce their duties either on imports generally or on some selected imports. Which of these last two courses is taken M. POUYER-QUERTIER does not much care. However small the selection may be, cotton goods are sure to find a place in it, and it is cotton goods that M. POUYER-QUERTIER is specially anxious to keep at a distance. If they are to be let in, it will be hardly worth while to keep anything else out. Nothing came of the discussion in the Senate, but the drift of it certainly suggests that the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce must not be counted on as certain. As the English Government have but one inducement to offer to the French Government, so the French Government have but one inducement to offer to their own people. Every industry which sees the protective duty imposed for its benefit by the new general tariff will be opposed to the conclusion of any treaty at all; and the only interest that can be expected to favour a new treaty will be the one interest which will be a loser if a new treaty is not concluded. The growers of wine, and especially the growers of cheap wine, will be eager to have a larger market thrown open to them in this country, and unless some concession is

made to English demands in regard to imports, this larger market must remain closed. It is a curious economical fact that the interests of some of the largest and poorest classes of English artisans should in this instance be closely associated with those of a body of producers whom they only know as ministering to English luxury.

ELECTION PETITIONS.

THE results of the election petitions hitherto decided are without any political significance. Three Liberals have been unseated for English boroughs—at Gravesend, Gloucester, and Evesham; and two Conservatives have been unseated at Canterbury. Petitions presented at Cheltenham and at Colchester against Liberals have failed, and an attack against a Conservative seat at Harwich has been equally unsuccessful. At Gloucester Mr. ROBINSON, who was returned at the head of the poll as a Liberal, did not venture to oppose the petition against his return; and although no evidence was offered against the return of the other Liberal member, Mr. MONK, the Judges have thought it necessary to call the attention of the House to the prevalence of corrupt practices in this important borough. If the evidence given was to be trusted, corrupt practices are of long standing at Gloucester, and have not been confined to one side of politics. No candidate has been found guilty of personal bribery, and the advantage of Judges presiding at these inquiries is perhaps as much illustrated by the number of petitions that have been withdrawn because it was ascertained that they would not bear the test of judicial investigation as by the legal quality of the decisions given. It may be doubted whether any new points of law have been decided; but in the case of Gravesend the inquiry was so minute and elaborate, and the judgment followed the details of the charges so closely, that those who are engaged in the study of election law cannot omit to notice with attention what took place and what was decided in the instance of Mr. BEVAN's election. Two points seem to deserve especial remark. Mr. BEVAN is a very large local employer of labour, having a thousand hands engaged on his premises, of whom 180 were voters at the date of the election. His foreman, without his master's authority, and after having obtained from Mr. BEVAN's election agent an assurance that the proceeding was legal, announced on the evening before the polling day that on the next day the men would have a holiday, but would be paid as usual. About 150*l.* was paid for the wages of the day, although no work was done. It appeared that on the occasions of the two previous elections, though Mr. BEVAN gave his hands a holiday, he did not give them anything to compensate for their loss of time; and the Judges were of opinion that the foreman, in instituting the innovation when his master was a candidate, intended to influence the election. But they added that they gathered this intention not only from this particular act, but from the rest of the conduct of the foreman during the time of the election. So that it cannot be said to have been distinctly laid down that the payment of the usual wages when a holiday is given on polling day is in itself a corrupt act. It also appeared that on two or three occasions previous even to the dissolution, Mr. BEVAN had subscribed to the funds of local Liberal Associations, and the money so given was spent in eating and drinking. The Judges held that, at any rate on the most recent of these occasions, Mr. BEVAN had put himself forward as a candidate for the seat whenever a vacancy should occur. He gave the money, and there was nothing wrong in subscribing to an Association in support of the party to which he belonged. Nor did he subscribe with a knowledge that the money would be improperly expended, for otherwise the Judges would have considered him personally guilty of a corrupt practice. But the Association, when it had got his money, expended it improperly; and the Judges held that the members of the Association must be taken to have been his agents for the purpose of distributing the money. It is always dangerous to infer general rules from the decisions of judges in any one inquiry. They are guided by the whole of the facts before them, and see each alleged fact as part of the total conduct of the respondent and his agents. So many other things were proved against Mr. BEVAN's undoubted agents that suspicion seemed naturally to attach to the distribution of his money by the Association; but it would be going much too far to assume that, if a candi-

date or a sitting member subscribes to the funds of a party Association, he is to be held answerable for the mode in which the money that comes into its hands may happen to be employed.

This doubt is confirmed by the decision of the Judges in the case of the Harwich petition. Mr. Justice LUSH, in delivering judgment, pointed out that the borough had been represented by a Conservative for fifteen years, that he had sat in several Parliaments without opposition, and that the Conservatives had done no more than form an Association to watch over the interests of the party. It was alleged that some of the members of this Association had been guilty of corrupt practices; but, without deciding whether or not these corrupt practices had been established, the Judge pronounced that those who were supposed to have been guilty of them stood to the respondent in the relation, not of agents, but of partisans. It is clear therefore that where general purity has characterized the election a candidate is not necessarily held responsible for the illegal acts of an Association working in his favour. But the conduct of a much more illustrious Association than that of the Harwich Conservatives came under the review of Mr. Justice LUSH, and called forth from him an extremely unfavourable criticism. It appeared that the local Liberal agent had received from the Liberal Central Office in Parliament Street a circular addressed to him in common with other Liberal agents throughout the kingdom. It pointed out that, by the Act then just passed, the conveyance of voters within the limits of boroughs had been legalized, while it still remained illegal to pay for the conveyance of borough voters from a point beyond the borough limits. An endeavour was then made to remove what was stated to be a misapprehension as to the consequences of doing what the law had thus pronounced to be illegal. It seems to have been supposed that if the agent of a candidate paid for the conveyance of voters from beyond the borough limits the seat of the candidate would be endangered. The Central Committee pointed out that this was a mistake, and that the only consequence of making such a payment was that the party making it would be liable to a comparatively small fine. This Mr. Justice LUSH treated as an incitement to commit an illegal act, and therefore a misdemeanour. As the conveyance of voters within the limits of boroughs is legal, and as voters may be legally conveyed from any distance in county elections, there does not seem to be any clear principle on which the Legislature has rested in making the conveyance of borough voters beyond the borough limits illegal. But still it is illegal, and the Central Committee must have meant to intimate to the local agents that it was only a question of money, and of a small sum of money, and that the local agents had only to consider whether it was worth their while to risk the payment of a fine in order to get their outlying voters to the poll. They looked, in fact, on the fine as a kind of forfeit, the payment of which would entitle the agent to convey these voters. In the eyes of the law this is not a proper mode of regarding a fine. The fine is the punishment for a legal offence, and no one is allowed to incite another to commit a legal offence. It is obvious that this view of the matter never occurred to the minds of those who issued the circular; and they made a mistake on which a charge of misdemeanour might probably be grounded. Whether, under the circumstances, any one would be found to prosecute, or whether any serious consequences would follow, is a different matter. It may at least be assumed that the mistake will not be repeated.

Even where reasons have been found for invalidating the elections, there is little or nothing to connect the expenses of elections with corrupt practices. There is no apparent reason why in different constituencies it takes such very different sums of money to win or contest a seat. Mr. FAWCETT has been addressing his constituents on the subject, and has informed them that Hackney offers an illustrious example of a constituency with a very large population where only a very small amount need be expended by the successful candidates. He said that beyond their contributions to the expenses of the Returning Officer, he and his colleague had not had to spend more than 300*l.* This is exceedingly cheap, but it does not appear that Hackney can be said to offer a guiding example as to large constituencies. We may take it for granted that the Liberal representatives of Birmingham and Bradford did not spend a penny beyond what they thought it both necessary and proper to spend. Still, at

Birmingham they spent a little over 6,000*l.*, and at Bradford a little under. In South-East Lancashire the two successful Liberals spent over 12,000*l.*, and in West Kent the two successful Conservatives spent over 10,000*l.* The contested Ridings of Yorkshire seem to have cost each party from 7,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* As a rule, the Conservatives appear to have spent more than their opponents. At Greenwich, for example, they spent over 7,000*l.*, while the Liberals spent as nearly as possible only half that sum; and exactly the same proportions are noticeable in the returns from Blackburn. It is difficult even to guess why, in boroughs that might seem of somewhat the same class, the scale of expenditure should have been so various. Thus at Southampton there was spent on the Conservative side over 4,000*l.*, and on the Liberal side there was spent over 3,000*l.* At Oxford, again, the expenses of the two Liberal candidates reached 3,000*l.*, and those of the Conservative candidate fell a little below. But at Salisbury four candidates spent an average of only 650*l.* apiece, and at Northampton the average expenditure of four candidates was only 350*l.* Nor does it appear that excess of expenditure generally went with success at the poll. Norwich may be taken as a conspicuous example of the dissociation of spending from winning, for there the two successful Liberals spent only 1,500*l.* between them, while the two unsuccessful Conservatives spent over 6,000*l.* The practical result appears to be that no candidate can tell what he may have to spend until he has acquainted himself with the peculiar character of the constituency he is anxious to represent; but perhaps, if we are to strike an average, we may say that where there is a contest a candidate for a borough may reckon on spending about 1,500*l.*, and a candidate for a county about 3,000*l.* There are, of course, lucky candidates who spend less, and unlucky candidates who spend more. But this rate of expenditure is very different from that of the model borough of Hackney, and the real question to consider in contemplating any legislation on the subject is whether the average expenditure would be increased or diminished, and not whether in exceptional places the expenditure might be found to be wonderfully small.

DISARMAMENT.

IT is always a question whether a motion such as that which Mr. RICHARD brought forward on Tuesday is best met by argument or by ridicule. In favour of the latter method there is the inherent and obvious absurdity of the proposal, with the certainty that its adoption would only lay us open to the laughter of foreign Powers. In favour of the former method there are the facts that ridicule has again and again been tried, and again and again failed of its purpose; and that men who have not been convinced by the irony of events will probably be equally proof against the less effectual irony of language. Under any circumstances, it was to be expected that Mr. GLADSTONE would choose to reason with Mr. RICHARD rather than to laugh at him, and the growing magnitude of the evil which Mr. RICHARD attacked undoubtedly tends to justify Mr. GLADSTONE's preference. The armaments maintained by the Great Powers of the Continent are a standing injury to labour and a standing menace to peace. The invention of a nation in arms has proved more disastrous than any amount of what used to be called standing armies. It was formerly said—and said, if we are not mistaken, by some of Mr. RICHARD's own supporters—that a nation in arms would be the best possible security against unnecessary wars. It is a security which every Continental country now possesses, and Germany and Russia are eminent examples of its value. The real safeguard against unnecessary wars lies in the means which a people possess of making their indisposition to engage in them felt by their rulers. In other words, it lies, not in the identity of the army with the nation—since, though this may be a security against civil war, it is none at all against foreign war—but in the control which the nation in its civil capacity is able to exercise over its rulers. Where Parliamentary institutions are wanting, as in Russia, or feeble, as in Germany, the nation in arms will have to fight and will be willing to fight its neighbours whenever the Government gives the signal.

The only consistent advocates of disarmament are those foreign gentlemen who occasionally preach universal war as the indispensable prelude and condition of universal peace.

At present, they say, the people are everywhere oppressed and misgoverned, and so long as this state of things lasts wars must be resorted to to get rid of it. When the brotherhood of nations has been proclaimed and the Social Republic set up all over Europe, armies will be no longer wanted. Mr. RICHARD, on the other hand, has to get over the difficulty that some results of which he approves have been attained by war. Even Mr. COURTNEY pointed out the inconsistency of rejoicing at changes like the unification of Italy, and in the same breath denouncing the sole means by which these changes could have been brought about. The Austrian Government, as he truly remarked, "did not withdraw its forces from Lombardy and Venice from any conviction of the injustice of its domination over the Italian people." If France had disarmed at the suggestion of Mr. COBDEN in 1851, it is highly improbable that the war of 1859 would ever have taken place, and without the war of 1859 Italy might still have been a geographical expression. Mr. RICHARD will perhaps answer that the unity the Italians desired would have been brought about all the same by the operation of natural forces. But armaments are among the most effective modes of expression which natural forces find for themselves, and, deprived of armaments, natural forces, would probably remain inoperative. Mr. RICHARD, again, may not shrink from the heroic declaration that, rather than see Italy united by force of arms, he would have been willing to see her union indefinitely postponed. There is no evidence, however, that any section of the Italian people are of Mr. RICHARD's mind upon this point. On the contrary, they are constantly giving evidence of their desire to go further in the same road by the use of the same means. Before the nations of Europe can be convinced that armaments are an unmixed evil, they must be convinced either that the objects they have gained by the use of armaments were not worth gaining, or that they might have been gained in other ways. The latter theory is too plainly untrue to stand much chance of acceptance; the former may be perfectly true, but its truth is of a kind which only uninterested bystanders are likely to perceive. It may be an open question whether the reconstruction of Germany is, as Mr. GLADSTONE calls it, "a great advance in the political system of Europe"; but it is as certain as anything can be that Germany would not have been reconstructed had it not been for the German army. If Mr. RICHARD's visit to the several capitals of Europe in 1869 had been successful, and Germany and France had been included among the Powers who laid down their armaments, the results arrived at in the following year would never have occurred to either nation as possible. Prussia would have had no opportunity of displaying her military strength, and, without the conviction of her material superiority which this display wrought in the minds of her neighbours, the particularist tendencies of the other German States would never have been overcome.

There is, indeed, a way in which England might contribute to the acceptance of disarmament by the Continental Powers, but it is hardly a way of which Mr. RICHARD could approve. In this respect Mr. COURTNEY is more consistent. He would have been glad, he said on Tuesday, if in 1871 the English Government had approached France and Germany and "offered to enter into some engagement which, upon a just termination of the war, should have bound the Powers of Europe to maintain that termination." Mr. COURTNEY's meaning is perfectly clear. He regards with much reason the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine as a principal cause of the disquiet which has reigned in Europe during the last ten years, and he would have had the English Government point out to Prince BISMARCK the inevitable consequences of what he was contemplating. Prince BISMARCK might then have objected that it was all very well for England to object to the annexation of this territory; but was England prepared to give any kind of guarantee that France would not again use this territory as a base of operations against Germany? Mr. COURTNEY, as we understand him, would have been ready to give some such guarantee. At all events, he would have had the English Government move the other neutral Powers to maintain the results of the war, provided that Prince BISMARCK had been ready to bring these results within reasonable dimensions. In fact, he would have had England, and possibly Austria and Russia, give a promise to Germany that, if she allowed Alsace and Lorraine to remain French, the Powers which had given the promise would hold her

harmless against any attack on the part of France. This would have been an excellent arrangement for France, and not a bad one for Germany; but what would it have been for England? Before Germany put down her armaments she would naturally have asked for some assurance that England was in a position to fulfil her promise if its fulfilment should be demanded. We should, in fact, have had to transfer a portion of the German burden to our own shoulders—to keep more men under arms ourselves in order to spare Germany the necessity of keeping so many.

There is a special objection to any remonstrances against exaggerated armaments being made by England, in the fact that she can afford to do much less in this direction than other Powers. Mr. RICHARD said nothing about naval armaments, but similar reticence could hardly be looked for from Continental Governments. They would certainly remark, in answer to any representation in favour of disarmament, that the position of England prevented her from being attacked except by sea; and that, if they enjoyed the same immunity from danger, they would be equally ready to reduce the numbers of their land forces. Possibly when the "moderation" which, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, ought to be studied in regard to our defensive establishment has been thoroughly learned, we shall be better able to give them this proof. Until, however, we have laid ourselves entirely open to attack by sea, the Continental Powers will continue to doubt the sincerity of the advice that they should lay themselves entirely open to attack by land. Fortunately the form in which the resolution was passed only binds the Government to recommend disarmament "when the circumstances admit of it." In that case the advice will not be given for some time to come.

MODERN OXFORD.

A *LAUDATOR temporis acti*, dating his B.A. degree from the early days of our present Sovereign, would find little to distress him and much to please him should he be in this year of grace renew his acquaintance with the outward aspects of University life. In the general appearance of the city, its streets, its churches, and its buildings, he would find no great changes, save that in the "Broad" ("Broad Street" we called it in our day) Balliol has put on a new and more ambitious front; and that where once were ploughed fields, glorified by the name of the Parks and now better deserving that title, beyond the fine iron gates at the back of Trinity Gardens and the front of Wadham, a new town has risen, to which Keble College, noble and imposing despite Mr. Butterfield's zigzags, and the new Museum, hideous and pretentious externally, however useful in its objects, form an appropriate introduction. New College, breaking out into Holywell, has again deserved its name. Christchurch and Merton, competing with one another in the race of ugliness, have thrown out new buildings on the side towards the meadows. Christchurch, too, if we may believe Lewis Carroll's words, and pervert William Shakespeare's, has "suffered and seen change"—change which has been the cause of much controversy and much fun. The devisers of the "Trench," the "Tunnel," and the "Tea Chest," as a huge opening in the parapet of "Tom Quad," a new double approach to the west door of the cathedral, and a wooden belfry, were irreverently called, doubtless intended them to be ornamental as well as useful, but it would scarcely seem that their intention had been successfully carried out. The unfortunate belfry has now happily disappeared, and given place to a massive tower. St. John's is further adorning the picturesque street of St. Giles with new development of its collegiate buildings, the beauties of which are as yet known only to the architect and the Common Room.

Some of the inns of a former day have vanished. The "Angel" has fled from the High Street, and the new schools are rising in its place, where future generations of undergraduates will wait for the dreaded "Exam." with faces as white as their ties; the "Star" has disappeared from the Cornmarket; the "Mitre," as beseems episcopal Oxford, still exists, and with the "Roebuck" remains the only representation of Mr. Lowe's "Angelus aut Mitre vicina ve Stella Gazellæ." The "Randolph" and the "Clarendon" now stand first in rank, and scorn to be called inns.

If the material aspect of the streets has changed but little, the aspect of their inhabitants has changed still less. That of the townsmen has not changed at all, except where amongst them now and then appears the red coat of the soldier, once as unknown in Oxford at any time as in other Parliamentary boroughs at election time; and now and then the long cloak and broad hat of a Cowley Father, or the black dress and white hood of a Sister of Mercy. In the garb of the gownsman a considerable change would be apparent. In our own day, indeed, the garments *nigri aut sulfusci coloris* prescribed by academical law were more honoured by their mention in the statute book than by the rigid enforcement of their wear in real life; but now our visitor would see much of strange head-gear which his generation

knew not, much of pea-jackets and other coats of curious cut and colour which in that more reverent time were only permissible to the undergraduate on his way to and from the boats. He would see little, at least in the daytime, of the academical cap and gown; and such gowns as did meet his eye, other than those of dignified graduates, would be short as Mawworm's spencer, shorter than the Norman cloaks which moved the Franklin Cedric's ire, all too short to deserve the name, more graphic than elegant, which distinguished the flowing robe that he himself was wont to wear in his undergraduate days. But *cucullus non facit monachum*: the undergraduate of forty years since was much like the undergraduate of to-day, his interests the same, his talk the same. His ideas in the matter of examinations were limited to Little-Go and Great-Go, while those of the present generation have developed themselves further, and their talk is of Smalls ("Responses" καλέσοντες θεοί), "Mods," and "Greats," with a forest of offshoots from the latter stem, in the shape of "Second Schools," called by the euphonious names of "Bones and Bottles" (natural science), "Stinks" (chemistry), and many others, direful cause of "ploughing" ("plucking" we, with more historic accuracy, were wont to call it) to undergraduates unnumbered, who, however, seem to like the painful process better than their fathers did, or at least affect to treat the catastrophe more lightly. Less wine is drunk than in those days, when the traditions of former and more bibulous generations had not wholly died out; and the greater facilities for dealing with London free the hands both of buyers and sellers, so that the latter have less inclination to sell and the former have no inclination to buy the pernicious stuff which was in vogue in Oxford in our day, and which we fondly thought was port. Fewer oaths are sworn, and Bob Acres, should he enter himself at either University, would happily find a full confirmation of the truth of his famous aphorism.

The cries of "Town" and "Gown" have not wholly ceased to resound in the streets of Oxford; but the manners of the present generation differ in this respect nearly as much from those of forty years since as the manners of that day did from those of the time of Edward III., when, on the Feast of St. Scholastica the Virgin, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, townsmen and gownsmen fought out their quarrels "with bows and arrows and divers sorts of weapons." Rarely now does

 turri reading-man altâ
Startulat horrid uprour . . .

as when Guy Fawkes Day in each year was judged the proper day for a row, without prejudice to the right of any other day in Term-time to its share of cracked crowns and black eyes. Nowadays such evil deeds are, we believe, rarely heard of.

But one of the greatest changes of all those which would show themselves to the wondering mind of the visitor would be that which has taken place in the relation between undergraduate and tutor—a change almost entirely for good. There was indeed some merit in the awe with which we of the thirties looked upon our tutors—gods moving in a sphere wholly different from our own—epicurean gods, we sometimes ventured to think them, caring little for the joys and sorrows or the words and works of men below, holding little communication with their pupils save where the awful lecture-room recalled too vividly the form at Eton, Harrow, or elsewhere, from which we had not long before been emancipated, or where the stiff breakfast, to which once a term a favoured few were invited, had for half an hour brought about a semblance of familiar intercourse between don and undergraduate—a stern rebuke for too frequent knocking in, or for too infrequent attendance at morning chapel, a few laudatory or objurgatory words at "Collections," and the term ended without the creation of cordial or intimate relations between tutor and pupil. We speak, of course, in general; but there were, no doubt, many fortunate exceptions. At the present time these exceptions have apparently become the rule. The awe has in large measure departed, and the respect, we fear, on the whole diminished. The tutor—even the Head of the college—is no longer in the eyes of the undergraduates an exalted personage whose invitation is a command, and "sorry to say I'm engaged" is now deemed quite a sufficient answer in declining to be present at entertainments in high places suspected of being dull or slow. On the other hand, a greater equality of status being thus assumed, the result is that the tutor is more in harmony with his pupil than was the case in times past. The elder tutors seem to have more than their predecessors had the desire to exert a personal influence on the younger members of their college—an influence which may or may not be in all respects good, but which is at least friendly, active, and intelligent. The younger tutors exercise their influence also, but naturally in a more companion-like way. They walk with the men, row with the men, chat familiarly with the men, and are to be seen in friendly converse in their rooms.

Other changes there are in Oxford, brought about of late years by the direct action of the Legislature—changes which have modified and are modifying in very important points the relations between the students and the authorities of the University both within and without the walls of the colleges, and that to an extent scarcely contemplated by the Legislature itself. These changes have sprung in part from the craze for experimental legislation in general which besets some of the politicians of the present day. They select the Universities for the *corpus vile* of their experiments, and seem to desire to try how Oxford will get on without a distinctive religion, and how Oxford Fellows will get on with wives; and the great feature of the new political law is that

theory is at no time to be corrected by practice, and that a statesman should scorn to learn wisdom from the result of his experiments. If they signally fail, so much the worse for the *corpus vile*. Is the dose poison? Never mind, he must continue administering it even though the patient dies; and when new patients come he must give yet stronger doses. Let no one speak of discontinuing the treatment. "We must never go back!" This seems to be the one tenet which an earnest member of the "party of progress" is bound to hold, *coûte que coûte*. It is the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie* for the devotees of Liberal creed. No matter before what false gods they have unwittingly bowed down, no matter what false steps they may have taken, no matter into what slippery places they may have been blindly led, they cannot go back; to hold that a backward step may be taken, even from the edge of a precipice to safe standing-ground, is a dangerous heresy; an admission that the Liberal party may have shared the lot of human beings, and fallen into error, is treason to the cause. If the Ballot, whatever benefits it may bring with it, is shown to be an instrument of demoralization, and the fruitful parent of a huge family of lies, the thorough-going Liberal, who admits the fact, regrets the result, but "cannot consent to a backward step." If the extension of the franchise has falsified the hopes alike of the Liberal party who clamoured for it, and of the Conservative party who carried it; if it has thrown the management of the affairs of the country into the hands of a class of voters as impulsive as it is ignorant, of voters who have given us for the last six years (so say the Liberals) "the most corrupt, subservient, and immoral Parliament that has existed since the days of King Charles"; if it commits the control of the national funds to electors who contribute little or nothing towards them, still, we are told, and perhaps from the nature of the case told truly, that here also there is no retreat; that the only remedy is to go further, even though we fare worse—to let in more ignorance and more pauperism, in the feeble hope that it may serve as a counterpoise to the mass now admitted to the suffrage, but with every probability that it will be indeed an additional weight round the neck of steady statesmanship. The country will have less chance of being well governed; but what signifies that? *Fiat aequalitas, ruat Anglia!* We must move onward though we move to misfortune! And so, too, if a University without a distinctive religion bids fair to become a University without any religion at all, if wedded life for the Fellows of Colleges bids fair to be the destruction of collegiate life, no Liberal statesman is truly liberal enough to consent to revise the action of his party, and acknowledge and remedy such defects as may be found.

It is perhaps worth while to inquire for a moment into the causes which led our modern reformers to make this experiment on the Universities. All restrictions, all laws, are an interference with individual liberty, and as such are in their eyes an evil; the more zealous of them still look with longing to the day when some theoretic "France shall reign and laws be all repealed." One especial restriction had long grieved their souls—the enforced celibacy, as it was called, *ad inuidiam*, of Fellows of Colleges—that is to say, the rule which vacated a Fellowship a year after its holder had contracted matrimony. It was a relic, said they, of monkish superstition; it was an interference with the natural liberty of man, who, by the possession of one Fellowship, would be at once tempted to look for another and tenderer fellowship. Why should he not live and love in Oxford or Cambridge, and as the parent of future Fellows (of both sexes) help to people the new town that has grown up beyond the Parks or the pleasant suburbs on the banks of the Cam? Well, the experiment was perhaps worth trying, and to minds penetrated with stories of the stiffness, the prejudice, and the littleness of the life of a college Don—minds that probably had little personal experience of that life, or of the true character of its duties—it could not but offer the promise of great advantages for the coming generations, at least of teachers, if not of the taught; but we are inclined to think that the supposed advantages have melted away like the mirage, beautiful and tempting in the distance, but vain and empty when approached.

The Fellows of a college in old days, such of them at least as were resident in the University, were dwellers within the walls of their college, and lived in some degree a common life, having a joint and collective weight in the councils of the University, and being responsible both as tutors of the undergraduates and as governors of the college for its internal discipline. As time went on, marriage, promotion, and death divided between them the task of making vacancies in the ranks, promotion and marriage frequently joining their forces for the purpose; succession was fairly rapid, and each group of Fellows, enlivened from time to time by the infusion of new blood, was in small danger of vegetating in conventional dullness; while the emoluments of the college, changing hands more rapidly, did double or treble duty, and served to give a start in life to a larger number of men. But now the case is altered; no Fellow has ever to weigh the relative charms of the Muses and the Graces, ever to stand—like Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy—drawn this way and that by Plutus and Hymen. He can combine the delights of both, and marry in haste without having to repent at leisure the loss of his Fellowship. He can do more; he can still live under the invocation of Minerva, still dwell in Oxford, enjoy a tutorship in his college, and employ the time not absolutely given to lectures in attending to his own children and to the private pupils whose payments help to provide for them. A vice-principal of a college lamented in our hearing that his college, as a college, had ceased

to exist, that its collegiate life was a thing of the past; all the other Fellows had incurred the misfortune imprecated by Lord Rochester on the dog that bit him—that is to say, they had “married and lived in the country,” and he himself, though he had no apprehension of falling into matrimony, yet was building a house, and expected to have to undergo the latter half of the noble Lord’s malediction.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder if the friendly and beneficent intercourse between tutor and undergraduate, of which we have spoken above, should have decreased and should continue to decrease.

HEALTH AT HOME.

HAVING got over the emotion caused by the strange bequest of that humorous testator, Sir Walter Trevelyan, and having doubtless discovered how to utilize centenarian wines for the advancement of science, Dr. Richardson is able to proceed equably with his task of instructing men how to live long. For some little time past he has been publishing in *Good Words* articles on “Health at Home,” and in the number for the present month he concludes the first part of his subject, bringing to an end a discourse of considerable length respecting bedrooms; and, as he considers the proper arrangement of these to be a matter of paramount importance with regard to health, it may be well to examine what he has to say about them, while awaiting a disquisition on sitting-rooms and kitchens, which is not likely to be short or soon completed. As he pathetically observes, people spend a third of their lives in bed, and the question of how best to obtain healthy conditions in a room wherein so large a proportion of existence is passed is certainly of sufficient importance to merit consideration by itself.

Few of those who are acquainted with Dr. Richardson’s sanitary sermons can begin the study of a new one without a certain feeling of fear, and on this occasion it will undoubtedly be found that fear is well justified. The reader will not, it is true, learn in harrowing detail all the harm he is doing to himself by what he fondly imagines to be a harmless practice; but he will certainly discover, unless he has devoted extraordinary attention to the arrangement of his house, that he is living under conditions which ought to produce ill-health, and must inevitably shorten life and make existence less enjoyable than it should be. Probably, indeed, after the first thrill of alarm is over, the reader will be surprised at the fact that he is not a hopeless invalid, when he considers all the essential matters enumerated by Dr. Richardson, to which, from carelessness or ignorance, he has not given attention. Very numerous and very formidable are the conditions necessary to obtain healthy rooms, as stated by the learned writer. At the risk of startling many who, reckless of the laws of health, are living in a state of sanitary depravity which it is painful to contemplate, we will endeavour to give a short account of his ordinances. First of all, before dealing with bedrooms, the Doctor points out that the living neglect too much what Goethe craved for when dying, and that there is urgent need for more light. “The mind is saddened,” he says, “in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer; the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings.” Not content with thus stating emphatically the necessity for light, he says further on:—“I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these [epidemic and contagious] diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age, in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and for the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health.” Now undoubtedly there is a good deal of truth in this, though, after the fashion of sanitary writers, Dr. Richardson somewhat exaggerates. A great many Londoners who have to live in comparatively dark places manage to maintain tolerably good health, and do not find that their constitutions are steadily lowered, or that they constantly suffer from the action of hideous poisons. Some of the effects which he ascribes to want of light are probably due to defective ventilation, but still it is impossible to doubt that there is a basis of truth for what he says, though he says it in an over-emphatic manner, and that plenty of light should be admitted into a house. Is he not, however, in his energetic appeal, rather like the adviser who strongly recommends a man always to have a good balance at his banker’s? With the exception of a few aesthetic enthusiasts, are not most people—in London at all events—glad of as much light as they can get? Unfortunately streets cannot be widened, and all rooms cannot have a southern aspect. Moreover windows must not be of more than a certain size, or else the house will be unbearably cold in winter. This fact, of course, has to be taken into account; but scarcely any one can look at the face of a row of modern houses in South Kensington or elsewhere, and say that too much attention is paid to it. Londoners certainly do not seem now to disregard the advantages of light. Unfortunately, do what they will, they can get all too little of it; but there is small use in repining over this deprivation, which is likely to continue unless the new Government can bring about the promised change in the climate, and at the same time reconstruct the metropolis.

After thus dealing with the question of light, and before treating bedrooms, Dr. Richardson has something to say about sleep, and gives some broad general advice, the full bearing of which he perhaps hardly appreciates. He first indulges in that denunciation of late hours which always gives such pleasure to writers on sanitary questions, and then says:—“I have said before, *make the sun your fellow-workman*. (The italics are Dr. Richardson’s.) “I repeat the saying now. I do not say, go to bed at all seasons with the sun and rise with it, because in this climate that would not be, at all seasons, possible; but I say, as a general principle, as closely as you can, make the sun your fellow-workman; follow him, as soon as you are able, to rest, and do not let him stare at you in bed many hours after he has commenced his daily course.” Now this no doubt sounds very pretty, and the Doctor seems naturally pleased with the expression which he repeats; but let us see what any attempt to follow his advice would involve. In spring and summer it would not perhaps be so very difficult to obey him. On the 1st May the sun rose at 4.33 and set at 7.21. On the 1st of this month it rose at 3.50 and set at 8.5. On the 1st of next month it will rise at 3.49 and set at 8.18. During these months, then, a man of some determination, who utterly gave up society, would be able to take his time from the sun, though he would have to change his hours in a very inconvenient fashion. But how will he manage when autumn and winter come? Then indeed the changes will be great, and the course of the sanitary worshipper’s life a most remarkable one. On October 1st the sun will rise at 6.2, and set at 5.36. On November 1st it will rise at 6.56, and set at 4.31. On December 1st it will rise at 7.47, and set at 3.52. During October, then, the true believer should rise at six and go to bed at seven at the latest; during November he should rise at seven and go to bed at six; and during December he should rise at eight and go to bed at a quarter-past five. Luckily for mankind, Dr. Richardson cannot be in the habit of practising what he preaches, or he could not have done half the valuable work he has accomplished. If he ever does try to obey in this country his own precept, and to make the sun his fellow-workman, he will discover that he has a fellow-workman who is usually on strike.

Going on to bedrooms after these initiatory remarks, Dr. Richardson has, as might be expected, much to say that is worth attention, though it is not easy to agree to all his *dicta*. He states first of all, that the bedroom is “really the most important room in the house by far and far again,” and, though the assertion may seem startling, there probably are, from a sanitary point of view, good grounds for it. He then goes on to complain, with some exaggeration, of the carelessness which prevails with respect to bedrooms, stigmatizing with just wrath the practice of using them half as lumber-rooms, and says imperatively that every bedroom should, “by preference, have its window on the southern side of the house, the south-eastern or south-western.” Undoubtedly; and undoubtedly every man who drinks claret will do well to stick to old Château Margaux. Unfortunately many men cannot afford to do so, and unfortunately the majority of houses have two sides. If in a town house some bedrooms look to the south, others must look to the north, and get no sun at all. Save at an enormous sacrifice of valuable space, it is impossible to construct town houses so as to give every bedroom a southern aspect, and a writer of Dr. Richardson’s ability should not gravely lay down general rules which, so far as regards cities, are simply unmeaning. In the country, no doubt, the case is different; but to build a country house with all the bedroom windows facing towards the south would involve large expenditure, and is for other reasons undesirable. Dr. Richardson’s dogma is, indeed, a remarkable instance of the manner in which sanitary writers get carried away by their subject, and forget all the conditions by which ordinary men are bound. On other matters he is happily more practical, and he gives advice, some of which is new, and all of which is worth attention. Very formidable are his rules, and few, indeed, can be the houses in which attention is now paid to any of them. He first points out, as many have done before, how ventilation is neglected in most bedrooms; describes, with unction, what this neglect means; and shows how a proper supply of air may be obtained by Tobin tubes leading from the outer wall, or by a “four-inch wooden tube through the whole length of a partition from the top to the bottom floor of the house,” supplying air to each room. He also speaks of a plan of exit ventilation, invented by the late Dr. Chowne; and, with due regard for old people, who are so often killed by cold at night, tells how, by a certain stove called the Calorigen, a stream of fresh warm air can be caused constantly to flow into a room. There are, no doubt, some considerable objections to heated air, as those who live in rooms warmed by pipes are well aware; but probably they are not so great as to counterbalance the enormous advantages of warmth at night, at all events for the aged. Dr. Richardson says nothing about them, and he is also silent respecting an objection which is sometimes made to the admission of a large quantity of air into bedrooms at nights. It is said that in cities the emanations from the drains rise during the night, and that, if the air carries them into bedrooms, they may do much harm. The idea may be a pure superstition, but it is very generally held, and it would be interesting to know what so competent an authority as Dr. Richardson has to say respecting it.

After dealing with ventilating pipes and stoves for bedrooms, he proceeds to consider how the floors and walls should be treated, and, with the boldness of a scientific enthusiast, he immediately makes a suggestion which it is to be feared will bring upon him the furious hostility of every good housewife who reads his article.

Bedroom floors, he says, should not be scrubbed. The honest soap-and-water in which old-fashioned matrons and their servants put their trust are to be discarded. "Water," says the Doctor, "destroys the evenness of surface; water makes the adoption of the waxed floor almost impossible; water when it is used often percolates into the joints of the floor-boards, causing them to separate and become holders of dirt; and, lastly, if water be used for cleansing, the chances are many in the course of a year that the room will be left damp and chilly." The proper course to pursue, it seems, is to prepare the floor by varnishing simply, or by staining and varnishing, or by paint and varnish, and afterwards to keep it clean by dry-rubbing and by beeswax and turpentine. There is nothing really so clean, he says, and nothing so healthy. Doubtless he is perfectly right, but the innovation which he suggests will certainly not at first commend itself to the female mind; and, with regard to bedroom floors, mistresses of houses are supreme. It must be remembered, too, that floors treated with beeswax and turpentine have a somewhat unpleasant smell, and are apt to be sticky unless well polished, and that polishing them is a very laborious process. It is much to be feared that Dr. Richardson's words, like those of other prophets, will remain unheeded, and that floors will still be scrubbed and wholly covered with carpets. Possibly, however, what he says about the walls of bedrooms may command more attention, and his sanitary ordinances with regard to them may be more willingly obeyed. He very strongly objects to papering walls, on account of the enormous amount of dirt which is absorbed by paper at one time and let loose by it at another, and further objects to the abominable, but unhappily general, practice of putting layer upon layer of paper on walls. If they must be papered, he seems to think that the best plan for treating them is that adopted by a friend of his, who coats his paper with coachmaker's varnish till the surface is as hard as the panel of a carriage. There is small hold for dirt on such a surface, and it can be washed without the smallest difficulty. Much the best plan of all, however, according to the Doctor, is to have no paper at all. Those who are building new houses, or those who can to some extent disregard expense, should cover the walls with some impermeable cement, like Parian. If this is considered too costly, the plaster of the rooms should be painted with lead or silicate paint, or coloured with distemper. The paint may be washed, the distemper renewed. Neither of them absorb, as paper does, particles of all kinds, some of which can hardly fail to be prejudicial to health.

Dr. Richardson's main suggestions are, then—that bedrooms should be well ventilated, in a manner which he describes; that there should be means for keeping up a steady heat in them in winter; that the floors should be carefully polished, and not cleaned with water; that the walls should be painted or distempered, not papered; and that, if possible, an impermeable cement should be used for them. The adoption of these rules would involve a formidable amount of trouble and expense, and none of them are at present generally obeyed. It can hardly be disputed, however, that they ought to be to some extent obeyed, and that Dr. Richardson is, in the main, right. Those who wish to sleep in healthy rooms should certainly consult his pages. In some respects he appears to be fanciful, in others Utopian; and he too often neglects the fact that most people have perforce to live in very indifferent houses, and that few can construct mansions according to the rules laid down by scientific men. These, however, are comparatively small defects in what are undoubtedly very valuable articles; and, even though it may not be practicable or advisable to follow absolutely all Dr. Richardson's rules, there can be no doubt that his exhortations and sanitary decrees may be studied with great advantage.

MONDAY NIGHT'S ROW.

IT will be remembered by all persons of passably good memories that in the various "scenes" which have occurred in the House of Commons since the Session of 1877 the admirers of the present Government found not the least strong of their arguments in favour of a return of the Liberal party to power. "Oh! for one hour of Mr. Gladstone," they used to sigh pathetically when obstruction proved too much for Sir Stafford Northcote. The House of Commons had several hours of Mr. Gladstone under the proposed circumstances on Monday night last, and we are bound to observe that here again a slight disappointment seems to have been experienced, even by the most ardent admirers of that statesman. The occurrence indeed appears to have annoyed these persons a good deal; and they are very angry with Mr. O'Donnell, who caused it, and with the wicked men who abetted him. This is quite natural; and the disappointment is natural too. For Mr. Gladstone *affavit* with great vigour, and yet it could not be said of his adversaries *dissipati sunt*. Now it is a rule with all prudent divinities not to allow themselves to be betrayed into an afflatus of the kind unless the consequent dissipation of the enemy is certain. Otherwise doubts arise, even in the mind of fervent devotees, as in this case they seem to have arisen. Indeed the conduct of Her Majesty's advisers on this particular occasion was characterized by a double portion of that ill luck which has thus far constantly attended them; and it is to be feared that revilings addressed to Mr. O'Donnell and the wicked Tories will hardly suffice to divert the general mind from the conclusion that yet once more they have made a considerable mess of it.

We need not trouble ourselves with any inquiry into the merits of Mr. O'Donnell's conduct in reference to the impending French Ambassador. It may be that it is well that as little as possible should be said, under any circumstances, about foreign ambassadors in the House of Commons, though Mr. O'Donnell's retort about Chevket Pasha as a possible Turkish Minister must have been a hard hit to some of his hearers. But, on the whole, the worthiness of an ambassador in these days is a matter rather for the Government to whom he is accredited to consider than for the people of the country. If Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues think the gentleman whom the French Republic sends them good enough for their society, it is not very much the business of anybody else. But what seem to have been overlooked in the very numerous comments which have hitherto been made on the affair is that Sir Charles Dilke really brought all the trouble on his superiors' heads by being a great deal too clever. The present Government has already established its claim to be one of the most evasive ever known, and Sir Charles must needs show that he could dodge and double as well as his chiefs. So, instead of answering Mr. O'Donnell's question, he answered a totally different one. Mr. O'Donnell had asked whether a certain person was the person who was said to have given a certain order, and the answer was that the order was never put in execution. Mr. O'Donnell had asked whether the same person had or had not undergone a certain legal censure, and the answer was that the censure had been inflicted under certain peculiar circumstances. Now Sir Charles Dilke by this ill-timed display of astuteness, and by his over-hasty eagerness to defend M. Challemel-Lacour, gave Mr. O'Donnell a ground of complaint, which, if not a very serious one, was undoubtedly legitimate in form; and thereupon ensued a disturbance in which Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and even Lord Hartington seemed to vie with each other as to who should say and do the most unwise thing. The Speaker had promptly interfered to point out the inconvenience of Mr. O'Donnell's adopting the plan of moving the adjournment of the House for the purpose of intimating his dissatisfaction with Sir Charles Dilke's evasion. And there can be no doubt that the proceeding is an abuse. But Mr. Gladstone, not content with the Speaker's interference, himself interfered to support the Speaker, and supported him with a vengeance, by moving that Mr. O'Donnell "be not heard." This was certainly taking the bull by the horns; but a bull, especially an Irish bull, should not be taken by the horns unless the taker is quite certain that he can throw him. One after another of the Irish members rose and protested impartially against the conduct of Mr. O'Donnell and the conduct of Mr. Gladstone. The latter then tried to lay down the principle that the practice complained of was not merely an abuse, but a breach of the rules of the House. This attempt, however, which certainly did not lack boldness, received no support from the Speaker, and was completely upset by Mr. Selater-Booth. And the matter was not much helped by Mr. Cowen's eulogies of M. Challemel-Lacour. It seems a little unfortunate that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Cowen, and some other persons of very well-known political principles, should not perceive that their own admiration of an extreme Republican is not decisive of his merits, and still less decisive of the construction to be placed on the rules of the House of Commons. What with this irrelevance, and with the grave question which the Prime Minister had sprung upon the House, Sir Stafford Northcote was certainly justified in remarking that the situation was "inconvenient." This remark was followed by a reminiscence painfully "inconvenient" in another sense of certain antecedents of the members of the present Government in respect to questions and motions for adjournment. Thereupon a third member of the Ministry proceeded to demonstrate his incapacity to comprehend or manage the situation. Sir William Harcourt made a most extraordinary assault upon Sir Stafford Northcote for giving Mr. O'Donnell support, and a scene of what is technically known to historians and reporters as "the wildest uproar" followed, in the midst of which Captain Price made an ingenious *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Gladstone's proposal by moving that the Home Secretary "be not heard." Sir William Harcourt, however, got himself heard, and, like his predecessors, tried to make out that the question still under discussion was the worth or unworthiness of M. Challemel-Lacour. After this the proceedings might be described as confused speaking diversified by a few divisions, and ending in a virtual surrender to Mr. O'Donnell. In the course of the debate Mr. Gladstone described Sir Stafford Northcote's account of his speech as "garbled," and surpassed himself in denying that he had called Mr. O'Donnell to order, while he had to admit that he had risen to order, moving that Mr. O'Donnell be not heard. Even Mr. Forster, who generally manages to keep his temper, lost it, and had to "withdraw"; while Lord Hartington, like every one else on his side, persisted in treating the matter as if M. Challemel-Lacour were still the subject of discussion.

This squabble, if not so discreditable to the House at large as some others, cannot be said to have been creditable to the Government. It will be observed that five of its prominent members divided among themselves certain pleasing and edifying parts, of which some of them played more than one. Sir Charles Dilke undertook the character of the Artful Dodger, and succeeded so admirably as to keep his chiefs and the House in the hottest of hot water for the whole evening. Sir William Harcourt, who seems to have relapsed from the state of grace into which his special providence for a time introduced him, undertook the favourite part of the conciliator who puts out fire with oil, and succeeded in it to a wonder, though he may be said to have

been run hard in this respect by the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Both these gentlemen, by the way, displayed a singular obtuseness which matched their equally singular heat. To pororate about friendly countries and absent men, when the question in reality under discussion is the advisableness of giving the leader of the House of Commons for the time being *carte blanche* to shut the mouth of any member who is obnoxious, seems to be a little fatuous. Lord Hartington, as usual, showed the difference of his temperament in the tone of his remarks; but even upon him a remarkable blindness to the real question seems to have come. It is exceedingly seldom that Lord Hartington indulges in a sophism, but the more intimate companionship in which he must lately have been thrown with Mr. Gladstone seems to have had the usual effect of evil communications. Lord Hartington implored the House to remember that, "if they voted for Mr. Gladstone's proposition, they were voting for the discontinuance of the attacks on M. Challemel-Lacour." As a matter of fact, it need hardly be said that they were voting for nothing of the kind; but, on the contrary, were placing in the hands of the most irritable and self-willed of modern statesmen a whip to be used on their own backs at his will and pleasure. As for Mr. Gladstone himself, it may truly be said that he played not one part, but half a dozen. There was the "happy thought" part, in carrying out which he moved that Mr. O'Donnell "be not heard"; the part of the skilful casuist, in which he contended that to "rise to order" when a member is speaking is not to call that speaker to order; the part of injudicious friend, in virtue of which, in supporting the Chair, he argued that a practice which is undoubtedly lax and inconvenient was in contravention of the rules of the House. Nor is even this list exhaustive. A distinct character may be said to have been assumed in the effort to convict Sir Stafford Northcote of "garbling" by alleging that he, the speaker, had not "justified" a thing, but had only "excused" it, and by ignoring the fact that Sir Charles Dilke's original answer was itself not an answer at all, but an argument. No one will deny the versatility of these appearances, though there may perhaps be two opinions as to their merits. In particular, the astonishing heat developed by members of the Government in the discussion does not augur well for the future. The excitement shown in so small a matter as this (for it must be remembered that, if Sir Charles Dilke had given a simple, straightforward answer to Mr. O'Donnell's question, and had left the latter to do or say his worst, nothing could possibly have happened), is at first sight unintelligible. In the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and in the senior member for Newcastle personal partnership may, as we have said, explain the attitude taken. But why Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Hartington, or Sir William Harcourt, or Mr. Forster, should excite themselves in this extraordinary way over such a person as Mr. O'Donnell baffles comprehension. All public men in France have ugly charges brought against them, and the Republicans, with the opportunities they had in 1870, and the example of the Convention and the Directory behind them, were perhaps likely to deserve, and certainly likely to meet with, a rather unusual amount of obloquy. It is childish to pretend that M. Challemel-Lacour's name has not for a whole decade been to every one conversant with French affairs that of a clever man against whom there were charges, true or false. Her Majesty's Ministers by accepting him as an Envoy have sufficiently signified their disbelief in or their indifference to these charges, and that they should make him an occasion of exhibiting their own want of tact, temper, and intelligence in this surprising way is a mystery only to be explained on the general theory of their persistent and invertebrate ill luck.

STREET NUISANCES.

THE short interval between the elections and the assembling of Parliament for business was enlivened by a newspaper correspondence on street nuisances. It did not lead to much, although it brought out once more very distinctly the anomalies of parochial government in London. The many advantages of town life are, it seems, more than counterbalanced, in some people's opinion, by the martyrdom of the senses through sights, smells, tastes, noises, and crowding. We have a tolerably healthy place to live in. We have a good deal of wood pavement and very little dust. Medical science is lessening our pains. Our museums and libraries are being daily made more and more accessible. Locomotion is cheap. Property and life are fairly protected, and policemen are occasionally to be had when they are wanted. Yet we are not happy. The sense of smell appears to have been chiefly attacked during the Whitsuntide holidays. A gentleman who chose to stand over an opened grating was sickened by the odour from below. The obvious remedy would have been to remove his standpoint, but he wrote to the *Times*. He really seems to have had a very small grievance, if any. Very much more serious was the complaint of another writer. After the long spell of dry weather the streets when watered gave forth a horrid smell—we are not sure that one correspondent did not characterize it as a stink. We may skip the nauseous details which followed in series of letters, only pausing to note that the secretary of a Northern vestry pointed out with much satisfaction that in his parish a deodorizing substance—a salt of some kind—is mixed with the water in the carts, and the streets corned or pickled with it so as to spare the noses of passengers. It is to be hoped that the good example thus set may be generally followed. Such a Vestry

is as the salt of the earth among its fellows. It must be allowed that some of the principal streets did smell very unpleasantly during the dry weather. But dry weather is so rare and so welcome of late years that, on the whole, many of us would be very willing to have a little more of it, even at the price of an extra "stink" or two. Still the suggestion of the St. Pancras official is so good that, unless we see it universally adopted, we may have a reasonable cause of grumbling. It is not granted to every man to perambulate the streets adorned with a *pince-nez*; and the odour of Piccadilly and Pall Mall on one or two days a fortnight ago can hardly have been wholesome, and was certainly disagreeable. It will be wise, however, not to expect too much from the Vestries. Year after year, season after season, it has been pointed out to these astute bodies that the months of May and June are not those in which the West-End streets and squares are most empty. Yet this very month there is hardly a West-End thoroughfare some part of which is not invaded by a steam roller which will be idle through the autumn.

But it is rather within our houses than without them that street nuisances attack us. It is some years since we called attention to the state of the law which allows our neighbours to keep noisy pets, to encourage organ-grinders, and to make themselves generally unpleasant and, in case of illness, dangerous. Nothing has yet been done to remedy this state of things. Party walls are thinner than ever, while our nerves are not strengthening in proportion. There have been times in the history of the world when a man's enemies have been those of his own household. Now, in too many instances, they are those of the household next door, especially those who practise the piano. Some people purposely take old-fashioned houses in unfashionable districts, because, as they say, old houses are better built. This is not strictly true; but when a house has survived, say a hundred years, it is presumably one which was originally erected with some view to permanence. The weaker houses have perished; but no one who has attempted to fight the battle of existence in an old wooden house such as we often meet with in country towns will allow that even a suburban villa is worse. Of course in our artificial civilization we are mutually dependent on the forbearance of each other. Life would be intolerable in a city governed, or not governed, like London, if personal freedom were not tempered by a regard for the feelings of others. Yet this regard does not largely prevail. One might go a day's journey without finding anybody who would acknowledge to a liking for barrel-organs. Yet how do organ-grinders live? The sound of grinding is not low among us. On the contrary, let any one sit down for a single hour to some serious employment—such as writing—and even in remote suburbs, even in places where it might be thought no paying audience existed, how many mechanical pianos and harmoniums will have enlivened each minute of the sixty? Somebody must contribute to the support of the ill-looking men who grin like their own monkeys at us through the windows. No one seems to have followed *Punch's* suggestion, made some years ago, and suspended a placard threatening organ-men with prosecution before his railings. A combination among a number of neighbours to banish the great musical nuisance would, we are told, be illegal, and subject the members to indictment for conspiracy. It is in vain that, week by week, the newspapers tell us of the morals of Saffron Hill, and remind us that, for the greater part, the dark-whiskered foreigners who favour us with their inspiring strains are "not respectable," are sometimes very much the reverse, and, in many cases, have left the sunny shores of Italy because, even in Italy, a line must be drawn between ordinary and gross immorality. Such revelations are made almost daily. The fair-haired, but not fair-faced, girls who are made into beasts of burden by the piano-men are, we know, unhappy victims of poverty, tyranny, and vice. Were the music they discourse the most lovely in the world, right-thinking people should not encourage it. Some people think the theatre wicked, and many object to the ballet. But what is called a piano-organ-on-wheels, drawn by two women and worked by an elderly Italian, is a more shocking sight than any to be seen at the lowest music-hall, unless the daily reports are amazingly untrue, and a large class of our fellow-creatures unanimously maligned by those who ought to know.

Many remedies have been suggested for this and similar evils. In some respects things have already improved. The wholesale importation of Italian boys and girls has been stopped, or at least impeded. The girls who drag the organ for the Italian grinder are of our own race and nation. The foreign costume looks all the stranger when its wearer indulges in the use of powerful words culled with the choicest care from the flowers of the Middle Saxon dialect. If the existing laws were carried into effect no further remedies would be necessary. It would be interesting to know why the police and the police magistrates in London habitually ignore the provisions of the Act known to lawyers as 2 & 3 Victoria, cap. 47. By section 54 it is enacted that, within what are called the limits of the Metropolitan Police District, it shall be unlawful for any person, except guards and postmen in the service of the Post Office, to blow a horn or use any noisy instrument for the purpose of calling persons together, or announcing a show, or for hawking, selling, distributing, or collecting anything, or for obtaining money or alms. Surely bands and barrel-organs make use of "noisy instruments" for the purpose of "obtaining money or alms." By section 62 the same Act permits the police to take offenders into custody without a warrant,

and if it was enforced it would be more than sufficient to put an end to this particular form of street nuisance. The difficulty is of course that, even under the present regulations, which practically ignore 2 & 3 Vic. cap. 47, the organ-grinder when summoned before a magistrate always raises the question of identity. He can bring half a dozen of his own complexion to swear he was entertaining the aristocracy in Belgravia when you thought you saw him grinding under your sick child's window in Tyburnia. The magistrate is not likely to take your view and fine him for creating a disturbance anywhere; and an alibi, as Mr. Weller, senior, long ago pointed out, is very efficacious.

Another street nuisance has lately been the subject of some correspondence in the daily papers. One writer complains in the *Standard* that part of his life is rendered miserable by a man who is in the service of a Dairy Company, and who, early every morning, weekdays and Sundays, makes a round of the neighbourhood. "His voice—which is as powerful as M. Lassalle's, though in other respects there is no resemblance between the two"—is heard while he is yet a great way off, and its noise increases until he is actually under the writer's window, when it is so great "that it is enough to wake the Seven Sleepers." How great this may be we have no means of ascertaining, but the noise is made more disturbing by its intermittent character. "It is impossible to get accustomed to it, as one might to a morning gun." It begins before seven, and goes on with brief and uncertain intervals of repose for two or three hours. We have given this case in some detail, not because it is extraordinary, but because it is only too common. The writer excites in our minds the sort of sympathy we always feel for a fellow-sufferer. Who among us is there who does not recall his own sufferings when wantonly disturbed from "a first and much-coveted sleep"? In one of the western districts some years ago a gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits, it may be supposed, was in the habit of driving his phaeton through the streets at an early hour, presumably on his way to business. He was constantly accompanied by a black dog, which gambolled round the carriage, barking with a bark which can only be compared to the firing of a small piece of ordnance. This nuisance continued for many years—may continue still, for aught we know—and not only was nothing ever done to mitigate the nuisance, but the police, and even the magistrate, when appealed to, declared their inability to interfere. That commercial gentleman would have the deaths of many of his fellow-creatures on his conscience, if he had one. Many similar examples will occur to every one who has lived even a few weeks in London. It is certainly outrageous that one vendor of milk or of anything else should have it in his power to murder the sleep of a number of people by the way in which he chooses to sell his goods. A correspondent of the paper already referred to sums up his experience in a few sad lines:—"Piano-organs of huge size and great power, accompanied by a chorus of foul-tongued roughs of both sexes, yelling milkmen and costermongers, make the day unbearable; barking dogs and howling drunkards make night hideous." The police, it appears, feel themselves to be powerless in the matter. They would gladly take action; but, so far as regards street noises, their hands are tied. They themselves are as anxious as anybody else can be to put some check on what threaten to become intolerable nuisances. Not only do superintendents and inspectors constantly receive letters complaining of grievances which they would like to redress if they could, but also the noises of the night and the early morning are, as may be imagined, as distressing to members of the police force who are hoping to snatch a few hours' rest or sleep between the intervals of duty as they can be even to hard-pressed "brain-workers." The things which we have described or referred to give a truly pleasing picture of the state of London towards the close of the nineteenth century. We seem to be reading an account of some work of Hogarth's a hundred and fifty years old. Yet it is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, and there is no remedy. Mr. Bass's Act, supposing that 2 & 3 Victoria, cap. 47, is still to remain inoperative by the *laches* of the persons who ought to give it effect, enables a householder (*not* an inhabitant merely) to order away one organ, but does not prevent another from coming in its place. No similar act or regulation, so far as we have hitherto ascertained, gives power to a householder, to a superintendent of police, or to any one else, to suppress as a disturbance, on the face of it illegal, the torment of such an appalling street cry as the correspondent of the *Standard* has described. And there is no apparent reason why the cry or cries should not begin at four or five instead of at six or seven in the morning. The police do manage, by stretching a point under Mr. Bass's Act (not under the entirely neglected 2 & 3 Victoria) to keep street music comparatively silent in the case of serious illness. There is, however, nothing which enables them to deal with the noise of a hawker's voice, which may be far worse than that of "a noisy instrument." To put it briefly and fully, a street vendor practically has it in his power to bawl his wares from noon to midnight and from midnight to noon; 2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 47, forbids the tinkling of a muffin-bell, but says nothing of the screeching or roaring of the human voice. The police, whether the case to which their attention is called is one of actual and serious illness, or only one of impending illness and present inability to pursue one's vocations, induced by those street horrors—bawlings of hawkers in the early morning or of "howling drunkards" in the still earlier morning—which are rampant in London, and which would not

be tolerated for a moment in the smallest of Continental towns, are powerless. In fact, the sick and dying inhabitants of London are beyond the care of laws which forbid cruelty to inferior animals.

THORNBURY CASTLE AND BUCKINGHAM.

WHILE Cardinal Wolsey was engaged on his palace at Hampton-on-Thames, Edward Duke of Buckingham, his reputed victim, was equally diligent in building for himself a sumptuous dwelling-place at Thornbury in Gloucestershire, but the downfall of both builders happened before they had completed their architectural projects. The longer career of Wolsey enabled him to realize his palatial designs with greater effect than did Buckingham; but even in the latter case enough was done for ordinary domestic accommodation, and to typify the intended grandeur of the whole edifice. Perhaps few readers of Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* think of the great Duke in connexion with one of the latest schemes of his life—that of building a family seat which should be worthy of the magnificence of the proudest man of the gorgeous court of the second Tudor. Indeed, if we accept Dr. Johnson's estimate of the merits of that drama, the parts of Buckingham and of Wolsey might be suppressed with advantage. "The play of *Henry VIII.*," he says, "is one of those which still keep possession of the stage by the splendour of the pageantry. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katherine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written." If the great Doctor had also said that the woes of Katherine and of Buckingham were easy to bear, it would have been almost as true as this criticism. But out of his own mouth the judge is here condemned, for he has himself (in *The Vanity of Human Wishes*) essayed to depict the character of Wolsey—which in Shakspeare finds much of its expression in the tragedy of Buckingham—but with a want of success compared with the master's treatment which shows that even his strength was unequal to the attempt.

Thornbury was granted by William Rufus to the formidable Robert FitzHamon, by intermarriage with whose descendants it devolved to the Lords Stafford, of whom Humphrey was created Duke of Buckingham in 1441. At the time of the attainder of the last duke the footsteps of this noble family had been for more than century printed in blood. The great-great-grandfather of Edward was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, his great-grandfather at the battle of Northampton, his grandfather at the battle of St. Albans, and his father was beheaded by Richard III. The last of the spectral forms which rose before Richard at Bosworth was the ghost of Buckingham, who, instead of wasting an eleventh warning on the doomed monarch, should rather have cautioned his own son against self-ruining ambition. From the height of grandeur the Staffords fell to the depth of impoverishment, the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, mother of Henry VII., who married Humphrey de Stafford, the seventh baron, being in 1637 a cobbler at Newport in Shropshire.

In the second year of Henry VIII. Duke Edward had license to impark a thousand acres of land at his lordship of Thornbury. Besides "a large and goodly orchard well laden with fruits, many roses, and other pleasures," and in the same "many goodly alleys to walk in openly, and others covered in with resting-places," there were three parks, containing in the aggregate 1,550 fallow and red deer. That Buckingham was the "mirror of all courtesy" may be understood in the light of Paley's definition of the Law of Honour, which is a "system of rules constructed by people of fashion to facilitate their intercourse with one another"; and, so long as this aim is not interfered with, allows the commission of many offences against religion and morals, including "rigorous treatment of tenants and other dependents." Buckingham's enclosure of land at Thornbury entailed the removal and consequent ruin of many small farming and other tenantry, to whom no compensation appears to have been allowed, at least if we may believe their petition to Parliament against his conduct. The inhabitants of the district, we are told, cursed the Duke for his rapacious confiscation of their lands; and if their maledictions did not cause his downfall, they at least hung about his head until that event. His destruction has been popularly attributed to Wolsey's machinations, though the authority for this is rather dramatic than historical. Shakspeare derived his facts from Holinshed, who literally translated "that old libeller and maligner Polydorus Vergil," the only witness for Wolsey's animosity towards Buckingham, who has been unsuspiciously followed, remarks Mr. J. S. Brewer, by Lord Herbert and later historians. Hall, who disliked the Cardinal, and has many kind words for the Duke, says nothing of Wolsey's hatred, which at any rate was not actively excited until the seditious inclinations of Buckingham had become apparent. Certainly the feeling that existed between the Cardinal and the Duke in years previous to the indictment of the latter was one of friendship rather than of hostility, as the State Papers amply demonstrate. At one time Wolsey proposed a marriage between the daughter of Lady Salisbury and Buckingham's son, saying that the King would consent to the match, and that "it would be both to the King's honour and surety" to see them united; while at the same time in familiar conversation he advised the Duke to send his son to court to be acquainted with the King and Queen. It would be difficult to say whether at this period Buckingham was most in favour with

the King or with the Cardinal; but he acknowledges that it was through Wolsey's interest that the Royal kindness was offered. From Thornbury, March 5, 1517, Buckingham writes to Wolsey that he had received a letter from Lord Surrey stating that His Majesty intended a joust on Mayday, and had appointed Buckingham himself to be one of the answerers. That, in his last interview with the King, he found His Majesty so well disposed towards him was through Wolsey's favour, which he hoped would be yet increased by his influence being used to get an excuse from running against the Royal person, which "he would rather go to Rome than do." In the following year (April 12, 1518) the King gave Buckingham "goodly courser and rich gown," which shows that Wolsey had not yet influenced the Royal mind against the Duke. Moreover, that Buckingham and the Cardinal were still on amicable terms after the return from the Field of the Cloth of Gold (June 1520) may be argued from the instructions given by the former (November 1520), who therein styles himself the "mighty Prince Edward, Duke of Buckingham," to his Chancellor to have a goblet of gold made for a New Year's gift to the King, and mander and chain of gold for the Queen, and a cup of gold with a cover for the Cardinal.

A misrepresentation occurs at the beginning of the play, where Buckingham asks intelligence from the Duke of Norfolk touching the interview between Francis and Henry in the Vale of Ardres, saying that he himself was the whole time his chamber's prisoner with an untimelyague. But it is certain, from a letter printed in the State Papers, that Norfolk, who declares himself to have attended the expedition, and strains his powers of language to tell how the French "all clinquant all in gold, like heathen gods, shone down the English," really remained in England, while Buckingham was appointed together with Wolsey to conduct the French King to his lodging at Ardres on the last day of the festivities. Notwithstanding the gift, a few months later, of the golden cup above spoken of to the powerful churchman, it may be questioned whether the donor's health was ever drunk out of it; for it seems evident that the Cardinal's suspicions were about this time aroused by a servant of the Duke having betrayed to him certain rash utterances of their master in "his fumes and displeasures" against himself and the King. Though in the late expensive pageantry none appeared with more splendour than Buckingham, yet that an upstart churchman should breathe spirit into these "fierce vanities" offended the stately noble; and no doubt Shakespeare has fairly revealed the very language of the railing accusations in which he vented his indignation. He is "this Ipswich fellow," a "venom-mouthed butcher's dog," a "keech that takes up the rays of the beneficial sun," a "holy fox or wolf or both, for he is equal ravenous as he is subtle." Because of his red attire, or that his sins were of that colour, he calls him that "scarlet sin." He discerns by "intelligence and proofs as clear as founts in July when we see each grain of gravel," that he is "corrupt and treasonous." But it was becoming equally transparent that there was treasonable thought at the bottom of the Duke's conduct. Wolsey's insolent inversion of *Rex et ego* was but a trick of words; but Buckingham's ambition had led him so far into virtual treason that he only required the courage and the power to render himself Wolsey's sovereign.

On a green hill five miles south of Bath, in pleasant contrast to the eternal snow of the Alpine height where St. Bruno established his first Carthusian monastery, are the remains of the Abbey of Hinton Charterhouse, whose materials are now chiefly represented in a stately Elizabethan house of the Hungerfords. Here, however, is the ruined chapel with its groined roof and lancet windows, where once officiated the oracular monk, Nicholas Hopkins, who, as mischievous as the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, led on with his prophecies the proud Duke of Buckingham to perdition. Combining the promises made to Macbeth and Banquo, Buckingham was to be king and father to a line of kings; this the "holy monk" had ascertained by "the revelation of God." The promise of so splendid a destiny was not extravagantly paid for by an annuity of 6*l.* for a tun of wine and 20*l.* for the better supplying of water to the priory. Also, as appears by an entry in the Duke's household accounts, March 25, 1519, there was a further gift of 100*l.* "to my ghostly father at Hinton." Like Macbeth, Buckingham had a profound belief in divination, and possibly for this reason he showed so much respect to gypsies, who, instead of being punished as rogues and vagabonds, were contrariwise rewarded. For example, June 10, 1519, we find in the same accounts, "To certain Egyptians at Thornbury 40*s.*" a largesse which, while it strengthens our belief in the openhanded bounty of Buckingham, may make us almost suspect that these soothsayers had confirmed the prediction of Nicholas Hopkins that the ducal coronet would be converted into a kingly crown. But in his wife, who was a Percy, he found no Lady Macbeth to pour her own fierce soul into his ineffectual ambition, and therefore "I dare not" was likely to wait continually upon "I would."

Charles Knivet, the Duke's cousin and surveyor, was among the first to betray the aspiring noble, and he found convenient assistance in Margaret Gedding, apparently a waiting-woman of the Duchess, who two years before had received from her generous master the handsome sum of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* as a New Year's gift. Combined with these in the conveyance of secret information to the Cardinal were Robert Gilbert, Buckingham's chaplain and chancellor, and De la Court, his confessor. Unfortunately for the Duke he appears to have been much unloved, and his foes were of his own household. With the exception that Wolsey was not present,

Shakspeare has kept to the historical fact in making Henry himself conduct the preliminary examination of the perfidious servants of the Duke at Greenwich; and he is equally correct in expressing the Royal verdict that the accused noble was "traitor to the height." The evidence of the surveyor is almost a literal transcript of the actual charge that Hopkins had promised the Duke "he should have all," and advised him to obtain "the love of the community"; that he told him "he should be king of England," the Duke answering that he would "prove a just prince." The accused had declared he would "chop off Wolsey's head" as soon as his own had received the golden round—a threat which is softened in the drama to a menace of "revenge upon the Cardinal." It is also in strict keeping with the facts of the indictment that the Duke had expected to be sent to the Tower on account of his taking Bulmer, one of the royal servants, into his retinue, and had sworn "by the Lord's blood" that, had he been so committed, he would have sought an interview with the King and stabbed him on the spot, as his father had threatened to Richard III. at Salisbury. But this, like the rest, was a mere threat. No machinery of plot had been constructed, nor any maturity of design attained, the whole conspiracy resting on some wild astrological deductions which had given assurance to the credulous Duke that his descent from the Plantagenets would ensure him the crown on the King's death. The most serious indication of an actual plot was his having obtained the royal license to attach any of the King's subjects he pleased dwelling within the shires of Hereford, Gloucester, and Somerset, and "to carry arms at his pleasure into Wales," which was construed into a design of "fortifying himself against his Majesty." He had informed the Cardinal that it would be necessary to take thither three or four hundred men, his own servants. His numerous band of retainers was enough to excite suspicions in so jealous a monarch as Henry; but, whatever his ultimate intentions were, there was evidently no organization against the Government.

In the dramatic scene Buckingham is arrested in the ante-room of the royal palace in London, while denouncing the Cardinal to the Duke of Norfolk. He was, in fact, watching the growth of his palace at Thornbury at the time when he was peremptorily cited to the Royal presence. Three knights of the King's body were the summoners, who, taking with them "secret power and also sergeant-at-arms," had been warned not to let their prisoner escape. His fatal journey in the month of April 1521 may be traced by the diary of his accounts. The messenger with the King's letter on the 8th receives one mark. On the 14th he is at Oxford, where he pays 26*s.* 8*d.* to Dr. Bentley his physician. At Reading he makes an oblation of 6*s.* 8*d.* to the Child of Grace; and on the 14th he offers the like sum to "Our Lady of Eton, near Windsor." Hitherto he had been unconscious of the spies who had been watching him at each saintly shrine, and never lost sight of him in town, village, or highway. But his heart now failed him, like Macbeth's when the woods began to move, at seeing armed men at each turn of the road drawing closer upon him. The Duke found he was a prisoner, and he guessed why. Ordering his horse, he rode to Tothill Fields. On taking his barge and landing at the stairs of the Cardinal's palace, and being refused an audience with his Eminence, his worst suspicions were confirmed. "Well," said the Duke, "I will yet taste of my lord's wine ere I pass." He was courteously shown to the cellar, and one of the latest entries is on April 15, "To my Lord Cardinal's cooks at his place beside Westminster, 20*s.*" On the next day he was committed to the Tower. The 13th of May he was brought before his peers in Westminster Hall. According to Hall, "he chafe sore and sweat marvelously," and Shakespeare repeats the circumstance. By the unanimous vote of his peers, he was declared guilty of high treason. Upon his condemnation the axe was turned towards him, and, being led into a barge, "Sir Thomas Lovel desired him to sit on the cushions and carpets ordained for him; he said 'Nay, for when I went to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caiff in the world.'" On the following Friday six poor Augustinian friars gathered up the remains of the once stately Buckingham, and reverently gave them burial in their Priory Church within Broad-street Ward.

Leland's description of the township of Thornbury, as one long street with two horns growing out of it, answers to its present form, it being in fact three streets in the shape of the letter Y, the castle and church answering to the cross stroke at the foot of the letter. The castle with its unfinished frontage is as typical of the voluptuous days of the Field of the Golden Cloth as is the neighbouring fortress of Berkeley of the unruly days of Stephen. In the former architectural display was only less studied than luxurious accommodation; while in the latter convenience was almost as much disregarded as picturesqueness of form, security being the only aim. Windows at Berkeley are features externally as undemonstrative as in a Doric temple, while at Thornbury they are as nobly decorative as they are serviceable. The keep, which at the former is the most important part of the stronghold, is altogether absent from the latter, which in fact is no stronghold, but, like the Cardinal's palace at Hampton, a lordly pleasure-house, the embrasures and machicolations being no more intended for defence than the pictured panes of the oriels. The outline is quadrangular, with bold projections; but the northern side is not begun, and no side is finished. Entering the base court by a modern lodge-gate at the south-west angle, we find on the right, or western side, a range of uncompleted buildings, in the centre of which is the principal gateway, a vaulted structure with a smaller gateway annexed. Here we are in the immediate

presence of the ducal architect. A waving scroll above the entrance informs us that "This Gate was begun in the 2 yere of the Reigne of Kynge Henry the VIII. by me Edward Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Hereford, Staforde and Northampton." Passing into the inner court, we find three sides of a quadrangle, of which the north was occupied by the kitchen and stables, and the south by the great hall and the Duchess's apartments, above which are the dining chambers and priory chambers, the great octagonal tower at the south-west angle serving for the Duke's chambers. These principal apartments, instead of being lighted, for security, from the inner court, as at Berkeley, have noble bay windows of various sections dropping vertically from parapet to basement, facing the garden court. If we accept this splendid façade as an example, we may believe that the science of Gothic architecture in its decline was worthy of its meridian beauty. Pugin, in his *Specimens of Gothic Architecture*, gives measured drawings of nearly every external feature of Thornbury Castle.

The confiscation of the Duke's estates consequent upon his attainement reduced his family to indigence, Lord Henry Stafford, his eldest son, being compelled to take refuge with his wife and seven children in an abbey, where for four years he was boarded at the expense of the monks. The manor of Thornbury became a Royal demesne, and as such was visited in 1535 by Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn. It was subsequently regranted to the Lord Stafford one of whose descendants on the female side, Mr. Henry Howard, of Grey Stoke Castle, came into possession of the property in 1824. Of the parish church, with its noble clerestory and tower, we can here say no more than that it is worthy of the stately Buckingham.

A SCREAMING SUCCESS.

THE virtue, or grace, of maidenliness in girls is one that the present age does not very highly esteem. It is a more successful thing to be "jolly" than to be gentle and modest, and a girl who would "get on" finds it necessary to distinguish herself by wearing rumpled hair or a flame-coloured ulster greatcoat, or departing in some other way from the graces of her sex. Where life is crowded and rapid in its movements, notoriety is almost as necessary to ambitious young women as to proprietors of patent medicines. Thus it is not strange that maidenliness should be hustled out of existence. It is a virtue which is not in harmony with the modern "environment." It must disappear, like the duty of revenge and the practice of tattooing.

These reflections are almost forced upon us by the perusal of a singular little American book called the *Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*. If this Yankee maiden's "Confessions" could be accepted as truthful and authentic, one might maintain that feminine reserve and modesty were almost exploded superstitions in the society of New York. Manners, like the game of "Boss," the electric light, and many other Yankee "notions," come eastward from New York to Europe. Not a few English maidens may parody a line in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and exclaim,

What New York is let modern England be,

when they read the autobiography of the Frivolous Girl, and hear what a "gorgeous time" she enjoyed. But to take the frivolous one's statements for authentic history would be too innocent. It is only fair to say that the picture she draws of New York society may be quite unlike the original. The little book may be written by some one who knows nothing of the world described. The thing may be a caricature, and not a good-natured one. The book is published at Boston, and even in England we know how the natives of Boston and New York love each other. With all these limitations there may be a grain of truth in these papers, in which the author, to quote the magistrate in the *Cloches de Corneille*, "frivols too much."

The experiences of a "bud" are unfolded in the artless narrative of the frivolous virgin. A bud, in the dialect of New York, is a young lady in her first season. This Bud belonged to one of the "first families," and it is interesting to note the nature of New York aristocracy. To be descended from one of the old Dutch settlers answers to having "come over" with the Conqueror, or, in Boston, with the *Mayflower*. But there are people in society, of course, who only came over in the steerage quarter of a recent emigrant ship. It is astonishing to remark how readily these gentlemen and ladies acquire the grace and charm and peculiar tone of the first families. One would expect the first families, when they found English inadequate, to express themselves in choice Dutch. But it is not so. Fashionable lips murmur the sort of French with which the guardsmen of Ouida have made us familiar. Among the friends of the Bud was a Mrs. Gatling Gunn. She pronounced her name "Goon," on the analogy of "skunk" which seems to be the correct way of saying "skunk." This lady became the Bud's friend and tutor. She knew, she said, that she was *roturière*. Her father had been for many years a butcher. "I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred, that these bejewelled fingers have been in contact with raw mutton-chops." Her general advice to the Bud was to skip through life as if she were dancing the *can-can*. Here the caricaturist has gone a little too far. "Have you ever seen the *can-can*, my dear? No, of course not. Well, in order to become what is called in society a screaming success, one must, in figurative language, dance the *can-can*, and dance it well, too." Thus instructed, the worthy Bud attempted to become what is

called in society a screaming success. "I think that I have at times experienced that *can-can* feeling," she says. "We may now follow the Bud to her first ball, and see her go booming, "as they say in society," down her path of triumph.

The Bud started for her first dance armed and equipped with three bouquets. Only two of these had been presented to her by young men, and this was what the old Scotch divines call a "crook in the lot" of the Bud. Her aunt had sent her one of the nose-gays "of roses and mixed flowers. Ugh!" cries this innocent creature of eighteen, "why is it that women never know how to send flowers to other women?" Perhaps their ignorance may be accounted for by want of practice. The other blossoms were the gifts of "a thoughtful male cousin," and of a Mr. Manhattan Blake. The Bud reflected with pleasure that her trophies would make the other girls "as mad as hops." At her earliest dance she made the acquaintance of Mr. Gerald Pumystone, who was "one of the leading young men in society," and of an "interesting-looking creature" who had big, sympathetic-looking brown eyes, and was known to the world as Harry Coney. Mr. Manhattan Blake was also there, among many other "stylish-looking creatures"; and Mr. Blake could quote French with the best of them. He had also a yearning, half-sad expression on his pale face, and a mysterious, almost inspired, light in his grey eyes. He thought that the life of Kenelm Chillingly was "almost ideal." Mr. Coney was not rich, like Pumystone and Blake, but "for anything on this side of the altar he was almost heavenly." There is a sufficient latitude of performance on this side of the altar, and the Bud was perhaps to be congratulated on her friends.

With them she often had "a real gorgeous time" on the stairs and in conservatories, discussing love in the abstract. The Provençal Courts of Love seem to be revived in New York, and the casuistry of the passion is earnestly debated by young men and maidens. Mr. Pumystone took up this subject at once. After asking the Bud whether she had ever been told that her eyes were liquid, he went on to say that he himself was a mere amateur. "It is absolutely necessary que je m'amuse, amuse myself, you understand. *De beaux yeux* are indispensable to my happiness; but I must have variety, comprenez vous?" As the Bud liked this kind of thing, she was "registered on the tablet of social statistics as a success." No one was more frequently and liberally "bunched" by young men, "Laden with flowers I went forth from the parental roof, and returned to the parental roof laden with flowers, very early every morning." "Nothing was so enjoyable to her as to converse about love in the abstract with an attractive man." She went to walk in the streets of New York city with attractive young men. They chose streets rather out of the beaten track, and had most delightful discussions as to whether it is nicer to love or to be loved. Mr. Blake confided to her that, at the mention of revealed religion, he "smiled a mournful smile, the smile of the iconoclast, who has nothing to suggest as a substitute, but still a smile." We wonder if the smile of Mr. Bradlaugh is mournful. As Mr. Blake had not read Mr. Arnold's most recent work, he could not of course suggest poetry as a substitute for revealed religion. While one attractive man thus merged flirtation in theological confidences, another discussed with the Bud the nature and constituent elements of human bones, and the Bud made him write down his analysis. She was "in the seventh heaven" with Mr. Coney, the young man who was so heavenly on this side of the altar, but she "showed him plainly that she did not like it when he said anything at all *risqué*." The first cousin to the Earl of Hammerhead, an English gentleman named Hare Hare, was much adored at this time by New York. The "Hon. Hare Hare," as people called him, was as rude, as slangy, as mannerless a cub as other young Englishmen in other American romances. Do our countrymen really behave like costermongers on the other side of the Atlantic, and is this conduct the result of the attentions which they seem to receive from the society of the United States? Most people know lords and even "Hons." in England who are not absolutely brutal, and whose conversation is not full of the words "beastly" and "filthy." The Englishman of American fiction is a singular contrast to the Englishman of French novelists thirty years ago. He is simply an untutored cad, and yet he is courted by the Mrs. Gatling Gunns of romance. How much of the picture is true to life, how much is pure invention? We cannot pretend to say; but the picture is repulsive enough, and does little credit either to the old country or the new.

When the New York season was over the Bud went to Newport, a watering-place. Here people played lawn-tennis, at which sport the Bud's admirers told her she was "no slouch." Mrs. Gatling Gunn drove about with "darling duds of ponies," and life was "quite too ideally charming." The Bud "flirted with charming people whom she had never met before—such was the delirious round of our days, but it was fun." In her second season the Bud says she "went it hammer and tongs," till "Papa said we must shut down on this." But he did not shut down on it, and the Bud still went it, as mad as hops, and as smiling as a basket of chips. She despised steady girls, and called them "whopper-jawed," a charming term in itself, but obscure in meaning. She had "ten slaves"—that is, ten attractive men—with whom she says she read "Austin Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme*." "Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse," as far as flirtations went. She betook herself to a place called "Mt. Desert," where all the men were said to go about in flannel shirts, while the girls "never did their hair." "The average girl who goes there gets the pollen rubbed off her wings"; but the Bud

went, and "went it." She "was just a little free and easy" with Ernest Brooke and "another young man who was kind to her when the other was not around." But we are tired of going around with the Bud. She was not whopper-jawed, she was no slouch, but she was scarcely the ideal English or American maiden. The particulars of her interesting conversion may be studied by the curious; it is enough for us to have examined, in the case of the Bud, "what is called in society a screaming success."

It is not certain that what we may call Budism would at once become fashionable in England. But is not the experiment well worth trying? Young ladies who are conscious of not being whopper-jawed may go it hammer and tongs, and, at the worst, can publish their memoirs, like the *Frivolous Girl*.

THE COTTON TRADE.

THE recent abortive strike at Blackburn has brought to the knowledge even of those who in general pay little attention to commercial matters that an improvement has taken place in the great staple industry of Lancashire. For four years the cotton trade had been depressed. Multifarious labour disputes occurred, the object of the operatives being to prevent a reduction of wages. But at length we had last month a strike for an increase of wages. It is true the strike failed, the majority of the workpeople acknowledging that the manufacture of cotton cloth is not yet sufficiently profitable to admit of the advance demanded. Still the dispute was preceded, and in a certain sense provoked, by a rise of 5 per cent. in the wages of spinners. It is something to find that even one branch of the industry is in a position to raise wages. Since the Whitsuntide holidays doubts have been expressed as to whether the rise had not been too hastily granted, and hints have been thrown out that it may be necessary to reduce wages again. But the fact remains that the advance has been conceded, and consequently that one important branch of the cotton industry has in recent months recovered, at least temporarily, from the depression which had weighed upon the trade for four years. In their Review of 1879 Messrs. Ellison estimated that in each of the four years ending with December last the cotton manufacture had been carried on at a heavy loss, loss growing more heavy as the years went on. At length, in the final quarter of 1879, there was a great change, a profit being realized on the transactions undertaken. Yet the profit was not sufficient to prevent the losses on the whole year from being the heaviest of the series. The revival that set in towards the close of 1879 continued through the first quarter of 1880. But during the past two months there has been a decided check to the improvement. Complaints are sometimes heard that the revival has completely died out, and that the trade has fallen back to the condition it was in last summer. This, however, is an exaggeration. There is greater activity than there was twelve months ago, and with it greater hope and better prosperity; while there are symptoms of further improvement yet to come. Still there is undoubtedly a check.

The cause of the sudden improvement in the autumn of last year was a revival of the demand from the raw-material-producing countries, more particularly from India, China, Japan, Egypt, Turkey, Chili, and Brazil. The raw-material-producing countries are our principal customers for cotton goods. The cotton manufacture, being one of the longest established, and from the rapidity of its growth and the magnitude to which it has attained having attracted the envy and admiration of other countries, has been everywhere imitated by the more advanced nations; and by means of protective duties they have nearly succeeded in building up a native industry capable of fully supplying themselves. The English manufacture is still by far more important than the foreign, the consumption of the raw material by the spindles of Lancashire averaging at the present time 65,000 bales a week, while that of the whole Continent averages only about 52,000 bales, and the potential consuming capacity of Lancashire exceeding that of its competitors in a far higher ratio. Yet the fact is, as we have said, that the Continent now so nearly supplies itself that our exports thither do not increase, and consequently we are dependent for a market for our growing production upon the more backward countries. The situation has its compensations for us as a community; the advance of our neighbours in wealth, and their application of so much of their labour and capital to the spinning and weaving of cotton, making them our customers for other commodities. But whether that be so or not, the change is inevitable, since we cannot hope always to remain the sole manufacturers of the world. Yet indisputably the situation has its disadvantages. The raw-material-producing countries are backward, and possess but little capital; they are dependent, too, upon the seasons for prosperity, and, owing to the time that elapses between the sowing and the reaping of a crop, they are not able quickly to adapt themselves to changes in the markets. On the other hand, these countries are growing, and therefore likely to become better customers; and as they are scattered all over the globe, and bad times seldom occur universally, it is not often that we have to dread a complete collapse of the cotton trade. This did, however, happen in the four years just ended, and, over and above the causes of the depression that prevailed in all commercial communities, it is traceable to the famines in India and China, the difficulties of the South American States, the bankruptcy of Turkey, and its war with Russia. The cessation of famine in India and China, the recovery of the

South American States, and the re-establishment of peace in the South-East of Europe have in turn revived the demand for cotton goods. In the first five months of the current year, not to go further back, the imports of cotton goods into India, for example, exceeded by 156 millions of yards those of the corresponding period of last year; that is, the increase in the five months of this year of the importation into the three Presidencies exceeded by 50 per cent. the total imports into Bombay in the first five months of last year. To Brazil, again, the imports exceeded those of the corresponding five months of last year by nearly 50 per cent.; while in the case of Chili the excess was actually 150 per cent. Bearing in mind the war in which Chili is engaged, and the strain it imposes on her resources, this growth of the cotton imports is very remarkable, and makes us fear that the business may have been overdone. The more moderate increase in the case of Brazil is not surprising, as the Empire is recovering from prostration. In the case of Turkey the increase is almost 25 per cent., and in that of Egypt between 30 and 40 per cent. There is also a very satisfactory increase for the five months in the imports into Portugal, the United States, British North America, the West Indies, the Philippine Islands, and the Straits Settlements.

The wide area over which the improvement is spread, and the varying conditions of the countries in which it manifests itself, afford ground for hope that it will prove permanent. Had the whole augmented demand come from a single community, or from a group of communities nearly similarly circumstanced, it might be due to some exceptional cause that would soon cease to operate. But it is difficult to believe that regions so wide apart, and so unlike in all essential respects, as the United States and India, Portugal and the Straits Settlements, Turkey and the South American States, can all have been led, by an exceptional and passing cause, at the same time, to begin buying English cotton goods more largely, and to have kept up their increased purchases for months together. The falling off in the trade of Lancashire militates against this inference, but does not disprove it. The cotton manufacturers shared in the speculation which was generated by the extraordinary prosperity of the United States last year. From the despondency into which they had sunk they suddenly passed into a state of over-confidence. Good crops in India enabled the ryots to buy clothing more freely; and the symptoms of an improved demand in the East, while prices were rising in America, induced merchants to speculate wildly. In the four months ending with February there was eager competition in America, India, and Egypt for raw cotton, and so large was the quantity bought up, that during the three months that followed more than one-third of the consumption of Lancashire was from the stock thus accumulated. Simultaneously, the exports, especially to India and China, assumed extraordinary proportions. As during the famine years the peasants had been obliged greatly to restrict their purchases, there was a large real demand for the goods. But the rise of prices consequent on speculation checked it, and dulness has succeeded to the feverish activity witnessed at the beginning of the year. The troubled state of so many of the South American countries has also had its influence; but the accumulation of stocks in the East during the period of speculation will gradually be worked off, and with low prices it may be assumed that the demand will revive, if the crops are again good this year. In the United States, Egypt, and India, last year's cotton crop was abundant and excellent, and the acreage planted this year is larger still. The price of the raw material may therefore be expected to continue moderate. And if our own harvest turns out well, the home demand will improve. Thus the prospects of the trade depend greatly upon the weather. Good harvests in Europe and the East will ensure prosperity, but without them there can hardly fail to be a relapse into depression.

THE THEATRES.

THE novel experiment which is now being carried out at the Imperial Theatre is from an artistic point of view a marked success. The Dutch company of actors who are there presenting a variety of pieces are admirably trained artists; they count among their number several players of unusual talent and versatility, while all concerned in the representation are thoroughly practical and efficient, and the grouping and stage management are as good as anything that has been seen for years on the London stage. The company was, we believe, first started as the result of a secession on the part of some of the troupe from the State Theatre of Holland, and the completeness of the performances now being given affords another proof that State aid is not necessary for the development of a theatre in which considerations of general effect are not subordinated to the pretensions of a "star" actor or actress. The earnestness and skill with which in these representations an actor who one night plays a leading part assumes on another a character of comparatively trifling importance make one of the most noteworthy and pleasing features of the affair. The same thing was observed on the first visit of the Comédie Française to London in 1871; but the reason for it then was the numerical weakness of the company. It was only to be expected that the audiences at the Dutch plays should be small. There are not many English playgoers who are familiar with Dutch as a spoken language; and, although it is possible that half the people

who flocked last year to the Comédie Française at the Gaiety understood as much of their performances as they would of those to which we now refer, yet nobody is ashamed of confessing to an ignorance of Dutch, while everybody is supposed to have a knowledge of French. It would have been better from every point of view if, before they came over, the Dutch players had issued copies of the pieces which they perform, with a close English translation printed on the opposite page. This was done—very badly, it is true—when Signori Salvini and Rossi came here, and when there was far less need for it than there is now. Failing this, they have done the next best thing by issuing a *scenario*—which it must, however, be admitted, is in some cases neither accurate enough nor full enough—of each piece. With the aid of this and with a tolerable knowledge of the German tongue and his own, the English playgoer can follow what is going on quite closely enough. Of course the slightest smattering of Dutch, which is not a very difficult thing to acquire, will help him out. But without any of these aids the practised playgoer would be able to make out the general scope and action of the piece by reason of the expressive intonation and the extreme clearness, significance, and decision of the gesture employed by all the players. We have dwelt at some length on this matter, because it seems to us a great pity that people should be kept away from some of the most artistic dramatic performances that London has seen by an exaggerated sense of the difficulty they might find in understanding the pieces given. It may be added that now that *Vriend Fritz* has been produced, any one who chooses to procure a copy of *L'Ami Fritz* will obviously be able to follow the piece with comparative ease.

Amongst the pieces which have been performed by the excellent company directed by Messrs. Le Gras, Van Zuylen, and Haspels, have been *De Militaire Willemsorde*, *Janus Tulp*, *Anne-Mie*, and *Marie Antoinette*. Of these, the first two were performed on the same night. *De Militaire Willemsorde* is "a dramatic sketch," written by Mr. Rosier Faassen, who himself sustains its principal character, Van Baalen, an old pensioner, decorated with King William's military order "for Valour, Judgment, and Fealty." The little piece, which is very prettily and ingeniously constructed, turns upon the fact that one of the old man's sons, Willem, has quarrelled with his father, and left his home, with the assurance that the father will never forgive him. He has joined the navy, and a letter, written when he was dangerously wounded and prepared for death, has been received from him. Van Baalen, who cannot read, has been kept in ignorance of this, but it is read out to him by chance by his little grandson, Willem's nephew, and affects him so powerfully that he swoons in his chair. Meanwhile, however, the missing Willem has turned up safe and sound, and his brother and sister-in-law have been plotting how to bring about a reconciliation between father and son. This is done by first pretending that the grandson has only read part of the letter, and reading, as if in continuation of it, a second one, written since the prodigal's return, and then by gradually preparing Van Baalen for the appearance of Willem, who is now, like his father, decorated with "De Militaire Willemsorde," and upon their embrace the curtain falls. The play depends, it will be seen, upon the skill of the actors in domestic pathos; and its success was striking. Mr. Rosier Faassen's sketch of the old disciplinarian, his gradual melting from sternness to grief, and the change from grief to joy, was remarkable. The other parts were admirably played by Messrs. Chrispyn and D. Haspels, Mrs. Faassen Van Velzen, and Miss Van Ryk. In this play, as in the others which we have mentioned, the general completeness of the performance; the care, close, but never obtrusively minute, given to detail; and the playing into each other's hands of all concerned, commanded attention and admiration. Mr. D. Haspels, who in this piece appeared for a few minutes as the returned son, played admirably on a subsequent night the long and important part of the King in *Marie Antoinette*, in which play Mr. Rosier Faassen sustained with striking skill the small part of Simon, *Janus Tulp*, a comedy in four acts by Justus Van Maurik, jun., has some points in common with *The Upper Crust*, in which Mr. Toole still continues to delight his audiences, whilst its first act recalls the opening scene of Thackeray's *Cox's Diary*. *Janus Tulp*, a barber and undertaker, is discovered shaving a customer, and at the end of the act, just as he has donned his undertaker's garb to attend a funeral, receives from his assistant Barend—who corresponds more or less to Crump in Thackeray's story—a letter which announces his sudden accession to wealth. We need not go at length through the plot of the piece, the course of which the experienced playgoer will probably foresee. The situations are good, and are well worked up to; but this piece, perhaps even more than the one which preceded it, depends for success upon the merit of the acting. Mr. W. Van Zuylen played excellently as *Janus Tulp*. His growing excitement while he read the letter telling him of his unexpected riches, and the dance of joy which, in his full undertaker's costume, he executed at the end of it were irresistibly comic. A special point for commendation may be found in the absence of exaggeration in his subsequent acting as the vulgar man suddenly endowed with wealth. Mrs. Van Offel-Kley appeared to marked advantage as *Betje*, *Janus's* sister-in-law, as did Mrs. Chrispyn-Stoelz as the daughter *Marie*. Mr. Van Nieuwland played a titled but unscrupulous adventurer, whose speech is riddled with scraps of French and English, with considerable cleverness; and Mr. Chrispyn, as *Janus's* son, was especially good in the scene in which he exposes the scoundrel. A word of praise is due to Mr. A. Van Zuylen for his performance of *Barend*.

One could hardly have guessed from the representation, good as it was, of these two plays, that the same actors would appear with such complete success as they did in *Marie Antoinette*, a translation by Mr. Spoor, one of the Dutch company, of the piece originally written by Signor Giacometti for Mme. Ristori. The distinguished Italian actress's part was filled by Miss Catherine Beersman, who played it with complete and striking success. Her dignity was no less remarkable than her force and pathos. The admirable grouping, costuming, and stage-management of the play combined to give it a strangely vivid effect. It was as if one were actually carried back into the terrible time with which the drama deals. Few scenes more thrilling have been seen on the stage than that in the first act, in which a vast crowd, heard, but not seen, assembles under the Royal windows at Versailles, and in which the curtain drops upon Lafayette's hurrying to the balcony, and winding his tricolour scarf round the Queen and her children to protect her from the fury of the mob. Nor is it easy to imagine a scene more harrowing in its pathos than that of the farewell between the King and his family. Here the fine and powerful acting of Mr. D. Haspels had much to do with the result attained; but his indication in the earlier scenes of the King's curiously mixed character was artistically no less successful. On the same grounds, as well as on account of her admirable rendering of strongly emotional passages, Miss Beersman's *Marie Antoinette* calls for special attention. Every part in the piece was well filled, but special mention may be made of Mr. W. Van Zuylen's Lafayette, of Mr. Spoor's Santerre, and of Mr. Rosier Faassen's almost painfully vivid representation of the brutal Simon. His singing of the *Carmagnole* (which, by the by, he should sing in Dutch, not in French) and his exit taunting the King had in them an almost appalling ferocity. We trust that the play may be given again. Its representation by the company of Messrs. Le Gras, Van Zuylen, and Haspels should be seen by all playgoers who care to see a piece played and put upon the stage with complete artistic feeling and skill.

Anne-Mie is a domestic drama, the scene of which is laid in Zeeland, of semi-tragic interest. It is written by Mr. Rosier Faassen, of whose skill and versatility as an actor we have already spoken, and it gained the first prize for national dramatic composition at Antwerp in 1878. Its construction up to the last act is decidedly good, and its episodes have a special interest, since they illustrate with much liveliness, and in a natural way, the manners and customs of Zeeland. The accuracy of the costumes—the date of the play is between 1850 and 1863—is vouched for in an introduction to the published *scenario*. As the heroine who gives her name to the play, Miss Beersman makes another decided hit, and the naturalness of her pathos shows that what might seem at first sight like artificiality in her *Marie Antoinette*, was in fact the result of a manner deliberately, whether wisely or not, assumed. It is to be regretted that Miss Beersman should spoil in this part the effect of a truly pathetic scene by condescending to take a "recall" in the middle of an act. This is a practice which cannot be too strongly reprobated.

Mr. Rosier Faassen, the author of the piece, gives us a striking piece of acting as the man whom we see at first as the rich, ambitious, and vengeful tenant-farmer, and afterwards as the aged, broken-down, and half-crazy victim of his own misdeed. Mr. W. Van Zuylen plays a rustic hero with much "go" and naturalness, and adds much to the effect of one of the episodes already referred to by his singing and dancing. Mr. J. Haspels gives an excellent picture of a man whom nature and circumstance have combined to make into something like a villain. As in the other pieces of which we have spoken the small parts were admirably filled. The *verve* of the whole performance should go far to break down the common belief that the Dutch are essentially phlegmatic people.

The Bells, which is now given on Saturday nights at the Lyceum, seems to have lost none of its popularity. To those who remember the earliest days of the piece its present revival is peculiarly interesting. The piece has perhaps never been so well cast all round as it now is, and the changes in Mr. Irving's acting are very well worth watching. In the earlier scenes increased art and experience have tempered impulse, with the effect of strongly-marked improvement. We could point to many salient instances, but will dwell upon one only—the reply of Mathias to Christian, who has lighted upon the exact truth of the circumstances of the murder committed, unknown to every one, by Mathias. The body, Christian says, must have been consumed in a lime-kiln, and that is the clue which should have been followed up. At this Mathias turns on him with "Take care, Christian, take care! I myself owned a lime-kiln at the time." Mr. Irving used to give these words with a wild laugh, inspired partly by fury, partly by terror, and partly passing into an attempt to conceal his agitation. He now lets out the words as if by an uncontrollable impulse, begins or suggests a nervous laugh, and on hearing and seeing it caught up by Christian, joins in with a hard mechanical laugh, just touched with hysterical passion, which is far more impressive than the one which he used to employ. The scene in which Mr. Irving has in certain points decidedly not improved is that of the dream. His acting of the murder was always daring because it approached without ever reaching the grotesque. We will not say that it has yet come close to the dangerous point; but, on seeing it a few nights ago, we felt more afraid of what might come next than we had done on any previous occasion of witnessing a strangely fascinating piece of acting.

RACING AT ASCOT.

THE racing on the Tuesday of the Ascot week is generally some of the best of the year, but this was far from being the case at the late meeting. Beforehand, the first day's programme had appeared excellent. More than one hundred and twenty horses had arrived for the races, and everything seemed to promise excellent sport, but when the day arrived this promise was not fulfilled. The first race was won easily by the favourite. The second was fairly run away with by a two-year-old by Rosicrucian, called Capuchin. The next race was for the Gold Vase, which, by the way, is neither a vase nor gold, but a silver shield. Only two horses were saddled for this affair. The favourite was Chippendale, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, the Cesarewitch, the Ascot Derby, the Hardwicke Stakes, and other races. Nine to four was laid on him, but backers remembered that when they laid the same odds last year on Silvio for this race he was beaten by Isonomy. Chippendale's solitary opponent was Fashion, the winner of the Chester Cup and the Epsom Cup. In the Metropolitan Stakes, Chippendale had given Fashion 36 lbs. and beaten her by a length, and now he was only to give her 22 lbs.; his victory therefore seemed as certain as anything in racing can be. For some reason or other, however, many people fancied Fashion, and it was hoped that there might at any rate be a good race. The pair galloped side by side until they turned into the straight, when Chippendale came away, and won just as he liked. Both the horse and the mare are wiry and good-looking animals, and they are both good stayers. We made some remarks about the Prince of Wales's Stakes last week, and it is sufficient to add that, like the Gold Vase, it was won by Lord Bradford. Nine two-year-olds came out for the Biennial, and odds were laid on Angelina, a bay filly, by Hermit, which had won the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom and two other races. All seemed to be going well with the favourite until she was within fifty yards of the winning-post, when a bay colt called Sir Charles came up with a rush, and won the race by half a length. The Ascot Stakes was a dull affair. Teviotdale was made a very strong favourite. Only seven horses went to the post, yet there was a long delay before the start, in consequence of the misbehaviour of the favourite, who tried very hard to get rid of his jockey. The race was a very hollow affair, for Teviotdale came away when he pleased, and won by five lengths.

The racing on the Wednesday began in drenching rain. Gentlemen who had the courage to face the weather and plunge into the ring managed to back the wrong horse under their umbrellas for the first race. They made Bonnie Marden, who had been second in the Oaks, the first favourite; but the extreme outsider L'Eclair won the race very cleverly. The good-looking Evasion ran in this race, but she seems to be a jade when it comes to a struggle. Backers will not like to trust her for the future, but she is just the sort of mare who may win a great race some day when least expected. Both Mask and Merry-go-Round ran in the Ascot Derby. The latter had beaten the former in the Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket; but it was very properly thought that this running must have been all wrong, and Mask won the Ascot Derby in a canter, Merry-go-Round being third only. The Biennial was very uninteresting. 2 to 1 was laid on Petronel, and he was won by four lengths. Thirty-one horses went to the post for the Royal Hunt Cup. Ruperra, who had won the Great Yorkshire Stakes and the Doncaster Stakes last year, was the first favourite; and he did not seem overweighted with 7 st. Sir Joseph, who had been in 1877 one of the most promising two-year-olds of his year, was almost, if not quite, as good a favourite. As is often the case in the Hunt Cup, there was a tedious delay at the post. It was but a poor race after all. Strathern came away some distance from the winning-post, and, shaking off all his opponents, won in a canter by three lengths. Lord Clive, who, it will be remembered, had been a good horse two years ago, was second. Tertius was third. As much as 40 to 1 had been laid against the winner, 33 to 1 against the second horse, and 25 to 1 against the third horse, before the start. Strathern had been beaten in every race for which he started last year. Another outsider won the Fern Hill Stakes. Bourane was the favourite, but she seems to have lost her form this year. Toastmaster and The Song were also running; but the winner proved to be Tafna, a filly belonging to Count Lagrange, which had been beaten three times this year. Backers were little more successful in the Triennial for two-year-olds, which followed. They made the very handsome, but very backward, Town Moor the first favourite. He is a magnificent colt by Doncaster, and had cost 1,000 guineas as a yearling. Errand Boy, who had run a good third to Tristan and Angelina at Newmarket, was second favourite. Both these horses, as well as two others, were beaten by Kühleborn, a colt by King of the Forest, who had been out several times before; but he only won the race by a neck, and if Town Moor, who ran second, had not been so green, the result would probably have been different. The last race of the day was chiefly noticeable for a very nasty accident. As the horses were half way up the straight, one of them swerved, and, cannoning against another, knocked it down. It was a horrible-looking fall, for the horses were racing at their best pace, and the falling horse appeared to roll over its jockey; but, although very severely shaken, the poor boy is said to have escaped any serious injury. It was an unpleasant ending to the day's sport.

We have already mentioned a good many defeats of favourites at the Ascot meeting, but one of the greatest surprises was in

the first race of the Thursday. Odds were laid on Discord, who had been bought in for 5,000 guineas at auction at Newmarket in the spring, after a genuine bid of 4,500 guineas had been made for him. Petronel, more heavily penalized, was the second favourite, and 20 to 1 was laid against Cipolata. Some little mistake had been made in these calculations, for the despised Cipolata won easily by two lengths. She had been unplaced in the One Thousand, but she had won four races out of six last year. The beating that she now gave to Petronel, who was fourth, more than made up for her advantage in the weights, and if this running were true, it would make her out a trifle the better of the pair, at weight for sex. Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand, won the next race, with 12 lbs. extra on her back. She is a nice mare, and has improved since she came out in the spring. The following race was the most important two-year-old contest of the meeting. We have already noticed the Biennial of the Tuesday, in which Sir Charles had beaten Angelina. This pair was to run again in the New Stakes, and among other opponents they were to meet Tristan, a colt which had beaten Angelina in the Breeders' Plate at Newmarket. He had already won four races this spring, and he was now made a strong first favourite. In the actual race, the previous running of Tristan and Angelina was proved to have been pretty accurate: but Sir Charles turned out to be the best of the trio, as he won by three-quarters of a length. He had seemed to be beaten as they were running in, but he struggled on in a very game and courageous manner. So far, he has performed better than any other two-year-old this season, and he is engaged in the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Grand Prix de Paris of next year. He is a powerful colt, and when he gallops has remarkably fine action with his quarters and hind legs, bringing the latter forward in the manner which is so characteristic of first-rate racehorses. So far, he is the best public performer of the season among the two-year-olds, and he has already been backed for next year's Derby at 10 to 1 to win 6,000. Only Isonomy, Chippendale, and Zut came out for the Ascot Cup, and Isonomy was made a tremendous favourite. He had won this race last year, as well as the Goodwood Cup and four other races, and he had won the Cambridgeshire the season before; but his last great performance had been in the Manchester Cup, a race which is rapidly increasing in importance. It is said that on the late occasion it was the most valuable handicap ever contested, and there had been a great deal of very heavy betting on the race. Twenty-one horses started; but, although Isonomy was carrying the crushing weight of 9 st. 12 lbs., he was victorious. Chippendale had already shown himself to be in excellent form this week, and Zut has grown into a very powerful horse. Chippendale is a very wiry light-fleshed horse, with enough bone, a plainish head, and a great deal of breeding; Isonomy is strong and compact, and so well formed that no honest critic could find a fault with him, although he is not what ladies call a pretty horse; and Zut is particularly strong, though somewhat heavy. Chippendale made the running, and kept the lead until approaching the grand stand, when Isonomy passed him, and won the race tolerably easily by a length. Zut ran well, all things considered, as he was only two or three lengths behind. The All Aged Stakes was won in a canter by Valentino, the least fancied of all the three starters. He had run earlier in the afternoon, when he was second to Elizabeth. Although he does not show any extraordinary amount of quality, he is very long in front of the saddle. Rayon d'Or had no difficulty in winning the Rous Memorial Stakes. The enormous Thunderstone was second. At first sight one imagines that this big beast could carry 16 st. to hounds, but at a second glance one wonders how he can manage to carry himself. The Viridis colt, which ran third, cost the respectable sum of 2,100 guineas as a yearling, but he has not yet won a race. The last race of the day, the St. James's Palace Stakes, appeared to be the greatest certainty of the whole week. The Derby winner, Bend Or, was to be opposed by what was considered a field of very moderate quality, and 3 to 1 was laid on his chance. He won his race, but not until his backers had received a good fright; for Fernandez, who had been nowhere in the Derby, ran within a head of him, after a very hard race, to the very great astonishment of all concerned. About 20 to 1 might have been obtained about Fernandez before the race, but it would have been well to have remembered that he had won the Craven Stakes very handsomely in the early spring, and that he is own brother to Isonomy. Handicappers are likely to remember him for the future.

There was an interesting race on the Friday for a Triennial, between Zealot and Muncaster. Half-a-dozen other horses ran, but 20 to 1 was offered against either of them, while only 5 to 4 was laid against each of the first-named pair. Muncaster had 7 lbs. the best of the weights, but his jockey was riding for the first time in public. From the distance, it was as good a race as ever was seen, and Muncaster just managed to win by a head, the nearest of the rest of the field being a couple of lengths away. Twenty-three horses ran for the Wokingham Stakes, which was won by Captain Machell's Warrior. Then came the Alexandra Plate, for which Thurio was the favourite. This horse was known to be in great form this season, as he had already won five races, including a walk over. The race for the Alexandra Plate, however, did not turn out such a certainty as was expected, for Ruperra, against whom 20 to 1 was laid, ran Thurio to head. If backers congratulated themselves on just escaping disaster in the Alexandra Plate, they paid dearly for it in the Hardwicke Stakes, which immediately followed. For this race they laid 2 to 1 with

great confidence upon Rayon d'Or, who ran in a very currish manner when challenged by Exeter, and lost the race by a head. Capuchin, who had won the second race of the meeting, won also the last race but one. Charibert maintained his reputation for speed over short courses by beating Phénox in a canter for the Queen's Stand Plate. 32,380*l.* had now been run for during the week, and a rather indifferent Ascot meeting was brought to a close. The racing, except on the Friday, had been moderate; there had been no royal procession; there had been mourning in the royal enclosure and mourning among backers, and there had been one wet day.

REVIEWS.

HIGDEN'S POLYCHRONICON.*

THE elaborate work by Ranulf Higden of Chester, of which seven volumes have now appeared under the editorship, first of Professor Babington, and then of Dr. Lumby, cannot be rated high as an historical authority, at any rate for the period comprised in them. But its indirect value is great. It shows us the extent of the geographical and historical knowledge possessed by an intelligent and well-instructed man in the days of Edward III., and what manner of mental food was consumed by readers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, during which the *Polychronicon* attained to a high degree of popularity. About twenty-four years after Higden's death, John Trevisa, Vicar of Berkeley and Canon of Westbury, translated it into English for the benefit of his patron Lord Berkeley; and at some time between 1432 and 1450 another English version was made by an unknown hand. It is not wonderful that the *Polychronicon* should have been popular. It contained a great deal of information, some of it of a rather apocryphal character, about foreign countries; and it gave a connected account of English history which, if not always satisfactory to our modern views, is at any rate eminently readable, except indeed for being conveyed in what Lord Berkeley and his chaplain Trevisa seem to have found very tough Latin—a fault which translators could remedy—and it interspersed the narrative with a sufficient number of pleasing marvels and miracles. Altogether, a gentleman who had mastered the *Polychronicon* would possess a large stock of general information, and a fair provision of edifying or exciting stories, such as would help to solace the enforced leisure of knights and squires in the dreary winter days when

we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.

Higden moreover, though a compiler, is not altogether an uncritical one. He names his authorities; he sometimes gives two versions of events side by side, or corrects an error. He even compares two stories as to the death of Edmund Ironside, and gives the preference to one which—we quote from Trevisa's translation—"sekerly semel like soop." He points out that the legend which represents Eadric Streona as murdering Eadmund with intent to do the rival King Cnut a pleasure, and as being rewarded by immediate execution according to the precedent set by David with regard to the slayer of Saul, is irreconcilable with the statement, "quod communes chronicæ tradunt," that Cnut, after his rival's death, gave Mercia to Eadric, and acted on many important occasions by his advice, "quod profecto stare non posset si Edricum prius excapitasset." This exercise of the critical faculty seems to have been thought somewhat audacious and irreverent, as in one of the English versions a note, attributed to Trevisa, is added, to show how the stories might be reconciled, and no imputation cast upon the veracity or accuracy of historians. For the comfort of our readers we modernize the spelling:—

It might well stand that Canutus . . . took counsel of Edricus eis Edricus' wish that a should die, and did when Edricus was dead as Edricus had counseled while a was alive, and so the stories might stand, and none without other, and so it is more seemly than [to] say that writers of stories be false.

We see that historical criticism is not so modern an art as we sometimes suppose.

The volume before us begins and ends with what the newspapers call "obituary notices." At the outset we have the death of Oda, Archbishop of Canterbury; at the end, that of one Johannes de Temporibus, or "John of Tymes," as the fifteenth-century translator Anglicizes him. In or about the year when King Stephen besieged Oxford—i.e., about 1142—"Johannes de Temporibus, qui vixerat trecentis sexaginta uno annis et armiger magni Karoli extiterat, obiit." That winter, we know, was a bitter one—every child's history tells how the Empress Matilda, all clad in white, passed unseen out of the beleaguered city of Oxford, and over the frozen Thames—and no doubt it carried off that ancient man,

John of Times. Still one feels incredulous about the antediluvian length of days ascribed to this worthy. Life, at least among the laity, was as a rule so short in the Middle Ages that any man who managed to survive threescore seems to have been at once credited with some remarkable number of years. Thus the elder Hugh le Despenser, whom an examination of dates shows to have been really only sixty-four when he was hanged, is commonly spoken of as a nonagenarian. The exaggeration must of course be much greater in the case of John de Temporibus; and we shall not perhaps be far wrong if we guess him to have been a centenarian, whose age was more than tripled by the popular imagination, so as to throw his youth back into the misty and romantic days of Charles the Great. It is unfortunate that Higden gives no hint of his nationality, whether German or French, or of the place of his death.

John of Times has led us away from the editor's introduction, which by rights we should have considered first. Dr. Lumby's introduction to this volume is, however, little more than a useful summary of the contents, with critical notes to supplement or correct Higden's narrative. Professor Babington has already told us all that is known of Higden and his translators, and a compilation such as the *Polychronicon* does not require an elaborate preface to every successive volume. We wonder, however, that Dr. Lumby should have made no comment upon the interesting fact that Higden gives the story of the *Aetheling* William having threatened to yoke Englishmen to the plough like oxen, and cites as his authority "Willemus," presumably of Malmesbury. "Insuper et ille Willemus regis primogenitus palam comminatus fuerat Anglis quod, si aliquando dominum super eos acciperet, quasi boves ad aratum trahere [eos] faceret." The editor merely adds a footnote to say that this is "not found in Willemus." It will be remembered that the same story occurs in the so-called Bromton's Chronicle, and that the same authority is cited, though in no known copy of William of Malmesbury can it be found. Mr. Freeman has rejected the story, both as being improbable in itself and as resting on no good authority; but its occurrence in Higden, a careful and laborious compiler, who evidently wrote with William of Malmesbury at his elbow, somewhat strengthens the evidence in favour of its authenticity.

We think, too, that Dr. Lumby might with advantage have distinguished more clearly between what is peculiar to Higden and what we already know from other authorities. Thus the editor, speaking of King Eadgar, says:—"There can be no doubt that there must have been many good qualities in a monarch who, with so much said against him, found some one to write an epitaph such as is preserved on p. 22." From the expression "preserved," one would expect to find something peculiar to Higden; whereas the epitaph, as Dr. Lumby himself points out, is quoted from Henry of Huntingdon. So, a few lines further down, we read:—"The fall of the floor of the house where Dunstan was presiding at the Council of Calne is called by Higden a miracle, though perhaps it was only an accident." But Higden was simply copying from William of Malmesbury, who both in his *Gesta Regum* and his *Vita S. Dunstani* applies the term *miraculum* to this event. In the same page Dr. Lumby, we think, slightly improves upon a statement of his author. "It is interesting," he remarks, "to note that the old name of the district now known as Harewood in Yorkshire was Warewell or Werwell." Now when we turn to Higden we do not find, any more than in his authority, William of Malmesbury, any mention of Yorkshire. The words are simply "in silva de Warewell, que Harewode dicitur." Trevisa introduces the idea of one being an older name than the other—"pe wode of Werwelle, pat now hatte Horwode"—but even he does not name the shire. As far as Higden's words go, they might equally be cited to prove that there was once a Harewood near Wherwell in Hampshire—a more likely locality for the hunting of a West-Saxon king. The wood, wherever it was, is made the scene of the mythical murder of *Aethelwald* for his fair wife's sake. Mr. Freeman has gone laboriously into the different versions of this story, pointing out that, while William of Malmesbury lays the scene at "Warewell," with the addition (in one MS. only) "qua vocatur Harewoode," Gaimar places it at some nameless locality on the road from Sarum to York. This no doubt gives a colour to the theory that Harewood in Yorkshire was meant; but, as the story stands in William and in his copyist Higden, there is not a hint of the journey to York, which forms an important part of the Gaimar legend. In one of the editor's notes we also find a remark which we think requires some modification. Contesting the conjectural derivation of *Cito* from *κλεύειν*, he observes:—"So little was known of Greek at the time when this title was most common that the derivation appears doubtful." Now into the question whether the derivation be good or bad we will not enter, but assuredly the mediæval writers were not so ignorant of Greek words as to give this particular objection any weight. Dr. Lumby must have forgotten the title of *Basilus* used by the English Kings, that of *Diarcha* (*διάρχης*) assigned by Osbern to Eadgar, in the days when he reigned simultaneously with his brother Eadwig, and the frequent interpolation of Greek words, used apparently only to display learning, in the Latin of mediæval writers such as Orderic. On this subject we need only refer him to the Glossary in the *Memorials of S. Dunstan*, and to Canon Stubbs's interesting remarks in the preface. However little real knowledge of the Greek language there may have been, still when we find *oroma* (*ὅραμα*), *pneuma*, *brathæa* (*βραχέα*), *cauma*, *periærgia*, *entle*, *aporia*, *stem-*

* *Polychronicon Ranulphi Higdeni Monachi Cestrensis; together with the English Translations of John Trevisa and of an Unknown Writer of the Fifteenth Century.* Edited by Rev. Joseph Rawson Lumby, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Vicar of St. Edward's, Cambridge, Fellow of St. Catharine's College, and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Vol. VII. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom. 1879.

mate doxa—and these do not exhaust the list—all introduced into one not very long *Epistola ad Eadgyarum regem* from the monastery of S. Geneviève at Paris, we must admit that mediæval scholars were capable of making a considerable show of Greek words.

The value of this edition of Higden is much enhanced by the two translations interleaved with the Latin original. The student of philology has here the genuine text of Trevisa, not the comparatively modernized version printed by Caxton. Side by side with it, he has the anonymous translation of the fifteenth century, which has never before been printed. Interesting as this second version is in its way, there can be no hesitation in awarding the palm, both as a translation and as an English composition, to the older version. Professor Babington has indeed remarked somewhat severely upon Trevisa's deficiencies as a translator, but the present volume does not appear to contain many glaring faults; for the state of utter confusion in which we find the poetical epitaphs on Edgar and Henry I. may be partly due to transcribers. It is possible, too, that there may be some omission in the statement that "Lanfrank . . . despised þe smokyng and schillyngs [sic] speche of mybeloved men." The original has, "mundi fumos et ampullata gentilium eloquia." The whole passage shows how Trevisa was puzzled by a long, involved, and ornate sentence, and how he broke it up into short, direct, and disconnected phrases. When however we find in another passage "omnis copia plenis effusit cornibus" rendered as "everiche grove schoon wip horten treen and oper tren ful of fruyt," we cannot but suspect that Trevisa did not understand his original, and therefore substituted something that he thought would make sense. But we will not undertake to criticize his translation, especially as, in his dialogue between himself and Lord Berkeley, he reveals a dread of carping critics, and has to be consoled by his patron with the reflection that "Clerks know well enough that no sinful man doth so well that he ne might do better, nor make so good a translation that it ne might be better." At any rate his English is racy and vigorous, and his occasional comments upon his author are so characteristic that one wishes there were more of them. Thus, upon Oda's becoming a monk, because all his predecessors in the Archbispicop had been monks, he observes:—

Odo was lewdliche [i.e. ignorantly] i-moved before to make hym a monk, for Crist, ne non of alle his postles, was never monk nor frere.

The same anticipation of Protestantism may be traced in his remark, with his somewhat sour prayer, on the death of Patricius or Paternus, the monk of Cologne, who, refusing to leave his burning monastery, "zelo martyrii combustus est":—

In þat dyngi Paternus the monk semþ lewed goost, þat koupe not knowe þe cause and þe circumstaunce of verray martirdom; for þere is no verrey martirdom bot it be by meynteninges of trupe and wipstandinge of wrong and of synne. Bote God graunte, ȝif it is in his wille, þat Paternus be nouȝt i-dampned for his blynde devocioun.

When, in the account of the battle of Lincoln, he comes to the jingling description, taken from Henry of Huntingdon, of one of the Earls on King Stephen's side, as "Baccho devotus, Marti ignotus, vino redolens, bello insolens," Trevisa displays his classical lore:—

Potes feynþ a god of wyn, and cleþ hym Bacchus, and anoter of bataile, and cleþ hym Mars; and so for þe speche . . . he þat is nouȝt wort in batayle is unknownen to Mars.

Higden is mistaken in applying this description to the Earl of Albemarle. In Henry of Huntingdon it belongs to a "consul," who, as Mr. Freeman observes, "seems to have been too disreputable to be named," and whom Canon Stubbs supposes to have been the Earl of Warren.

The later and anonymous translator has prudently left all pieces of poetry in their original obscurity, and must either have worked from an abridged copy, or else have unblushingly omitted whatever he found too hard. He gives no glosses, and writes in a Latinized jargon which Professor Babington thinks can hardly represent spoken English of any period. His philological value therefore is far below that of Trevisa, but by sticking closely to the Latin he sometimes—not always—succeeds in being more accurate than his less servile predecessor. One little touch helps us to the conjecture that he was an Oxford man. Higden writes:—"Mortuo Canuto facta est apud Oxoniæ magna alteratio de regni successione." The anonymous translator renders this:—"Canutus the kyng dedde, agrete alteracion was had for the succession at the universite of Oxenforde." This looks like the interpolation of an Oxford student, anxious to exalt the antiquity of his University.

In an appendix we have a third translation of chapters xv.-xxvi. of Book VI., taken from a copy of Trevisa, but evidently the work of a later hand. It is from this that we have quoted the attempt to reconcile the discrepancies in the accounts of Eadric Streona. We must refer our readers to the preface for an explanation of the probable origin of this fragment, which in language seems to stand between the original Trevisa and the anonymous translator.

MEMORIALS OF HUGUENOT PERSECUTION.*

WE recently had occasion, in reviewing two new Histories of the Huguenots, by an American and an English author respectively, to dwell on the fact that the decisive moments in the

* Deux Héroïnes de la Foi : Blanche Gamond, Jeanne Terrasson. Récits du XVII^e siècle, publiés par Th. Claparde et Ed. Gouty. Paris : Sandoz & Fischbacher. 1880.

La Tour de Constance et ses Prisonnières. Liste générale et documents inédits. Par Charles Sagnier. Paris : Sandoz & Fischbacher. 1880.

fate of French Protestantism are to be found in the period which preceded the actual Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Not only may it be said with truth that few autocrats have ever had so favourable an opportunity as Louis XIV. of making a nation great and prosperous by union, but, as Ranke has shown in a masterly chapter of his *French History*, there was a time when the King seemed very near to a recognition of the opportunity. But it passed by, like so many of those golden chances of peace and reconciliation which religious history records as hopelessly lost; and, doubtless partly owing to Huguenot rigidity, the Charenton Synod proved something worse than a failure. The King was exasperated by the collapse of his politic notions; and yet Protestant prisoners had afterwards to submit to be taunted with the fact that their ministers had not absolutely rejected the possibility of reunion. Meanwhile it is not surprising that the period in the history of French Protestantism which has impressed itself most powerfully upon the minds of natives as well as foreigners should be that in which persecution appears at its climax, and resistance in almost its last extreme of passive helplessness. The actual extreme was after that fierce flicker of the flame which is known as the Revolt of the Camisards. For the popular ear both these terrible passages of an Iliad of woes have once for all found their historical utterance. Literary genius has rarely given expression to more overwhelming charges than those which, in one of the best known parts of his great work, Michelet brings against the almost obsolete idol of his country's admiration—the age of Louis XIV. If at less length, he has certainly not narrated with less force the dreary fifth act of the tragedy, which was performed in the reign of that supposed good easy squire of dukes, Louis XV. Who shall say how much the sarcasm and the pathos of the most brilliant of modern French historians has done towards confirming principles and hardening prejudices which the political conflict now in progress in France has made more manifest than ever? Michelet's robust conviction as to the diabolical nature of Jesuitism must no doubt be to many a sufficient reason for distrusting the spirit of his narrative. But one of his many resemblances to Mr. Carlyle lies in the respect which, imaginative as he is, he pays to his facts; and nowhere has he been more conscientious with regard to them than in his account of the religious persecutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At the close of his thirteenth volume, after telling the awful story of the troubles which more immediately preceded and followed the Revocation, he takes care in a note to cite his authorities, which, as is well known, are remarkably numerous, and in part altogether beyond suspicion. And so again, when in a later volume he has to treat of those half-forgotten barbarities which more than complete the second century of Huguenot sufferings, he thinks it well to remind his readers that "the legends" to which he refers are only "too true." It is remarkable that, to the already abundant evidence which Michelet had at his command, the present year should have in two instances added fresh proofs of a startling directness; and that from both of these one of his most paradoxical assertions should have received strong confirmation. The two publications to which we desire now to direct attention certainly attest the twofold statement that among the French Protestants the women were the worst persecuted, and that they were notwithstanding, on the whole, the most courageous and the most enduring adherents of the prohibited faith. While one of these volumes contains the mutually corroborative experiences of two typical *confesseuses* of the Revocation period, to whom it was at least given to tell how they had suffered, the other brings to light a testimony, literally raked together out of the dust of the dungeon, concerning the tribulations of a later generation of Huguenot women.

Blanche Gamond, a native of Saint-Paul Trois-Châteaux (an episcopal city till the time of the Revolution), and Jeanne Terrasson of Die (likewise a town in Dauphiné) were both, at a date not much later than that of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, victims of one of the most cruel forms, and of probably the most cruel agent, of the persecutions. After having undergone imprisonment in the *basse-fosse* of a dungeon at Grenoble, without having been brought to abjure their faith, they were transferred to the hospital of Valence, then under the direction of "La Rapine," and commonly called—as indeed afterwards was at least one similarly managed institution—after his name. There is no reason to consider Michelet's general description of French hospitals in the seventeenth century exaggerated; they were doubtless very much like what English prisons were in the eighteenth. The Valence hospital, however, was regarded as exceptional even of its kind, on account of its speculative director, who, according to one witness, was wont to inquire, when desirous of intimidating his victims, "Do you make no account of the fact that in less than three years sixty persons have died in this establishment?" The Catholic orphans and others of whom he took charge had no reason to love him; but as regards the Protestant women who were consigned to his care in order that he might become their *convertisseur*, it was his deliberate design, and the design of those who gave them over to him, that the hospital should be a hell upon earth. To judge from the narratives of these two witnesses, Michelet has exaggerated little or nothing in his account of the character of Henri Guichard, *alias* the Sieur d'Hérapine, *alias* La Rapine *tout court*—probably the worst rascal as well as the most brutal gaoler of his time. In the end, notwithstanding the protection extended to him by the prelate who had established him at Valence (Daniel de Cosnac, Bishop of that

diocese, and afterwards Archbishop of Aix, whose hope it had once been to play a leading part in the reconciliation of England to Rome), he had to give up his post and stand his trial on a long series of charges; but his ultimate fate is unknown. As tyrants have always other tyrants, pettier but not less cruel, under them, so there was at Valence a "seconde Rapine, nommée Marie," a sister who filled the place of matron in the hospital. Her task in the way of conversion was to head the assaults of the Catholic upon the Protestant women with foul words and cruel blows. It is some satisfaction to learn that she, too, was at last overtaken by disgrace and dismissal.

The value of the narratives before us is, however, not confined to the accounts which they give of the details—often revolting, and always painful—of a peculiarly atrocious system of persecution. Blanche Gamond, who was taken prisoner when trying to leave the country in the company of her brother (who contrived to escape), is the more diffuse and elaborate of the two writers; her narrative of her own attempted escape from prison, to which she was dragged back more dead than alive, is as dramatic as that of her interview with her mother—who clearly had not held out like the heroic daughter—is full of pathos. In the end she was ransomed after about eighteen months' imprisonment, and made her way to Switzerland, where with her parents she subsisted on charity, first at Geneva and then at Bern. It was here that she drew up the narrative of the sufferings undergone by her when a young woman "of about twenty-one years," and certified (in 1696) to the narrative which Jeanne Terrasson had three years before written of her contemporaneous experiences in the *basses fosses* of Grenoble and at "La Rapine." The latter narrative had hitherto, unlike that of Blanche Gamond, which appeared in 1867 in the *Transactions of a French Society*, remained altogether unknown. Its writer, a married woman at the time of her imprisonment, had stood firm among the terrors of the *dragonnades* of 1685, when her husband's courage had given way. "Travetie en homme," Jeanne, in whose narrative there is a certain simplicity which is wanting in that of Blanche, remained "in retreat," wandering from house to house at night-time even in the dead of winter, for the space of a whole year. Then, when notwithstanding the terrible penalties proclaimed against all who should dare to leave the country—for men the galleys, and for women to be shorn and to be imprisoned for life—she was attempting to escape, she too was taken near Grenoble, and consigned to her doom. The head-shaving the poor creature escaped by accident, and with a thankful heart:—"J'eus par là bien sujet de reconnaître de plus en plus que nos ennemis ne peuvent pas nous ôter un cheveu de notre tête sans la permission de Dieu, qui lia les mains à ces miens ennemis, et fit qu'ils m'oublièrent parmi toutes les autres qui furent rasées." All the other cruelties and indignities native to the place, including blows and buffets, vermin, filth, starvation, useless labour and *Sunday* labour, she had to undergo. Her husband's visits, encouraged by La Rapine so long as he thought they might contribute to her conversion, were succeeded by the news of his death; and in addition to the horrors of the present there was the fear of an even more terrible future—the threat of that deportation to America which the persecuted Protestants feared more than perpetual imprisonment, in some instances more even than death, at home. Like Blanche Gamond, she made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, and, like her, was at last released by the Royal decree which permitted the ransoming of unconverted prisoners. She, too, found a refuge in hospitable Geneva, and afterwards at Bern. Two of her sisters, she writes, had likewise reached those "happy regions"; a third was still lingering in France, chiefly because she was unable to take her children with her.

What, perhaps, is most striking in these memoirs is the apparent impossibility to their writers of discovering any common point of contact between the views of a *confesseuse* and those of a *convertisseur*. Neither of them is a woman of superior intellect; Blanche Gamond, in particular, seems to apply no reasonable measure of comparison even to her sufferings, and complains of the lack of bouillon or of the inopportune offer of an egg in much the same strain in which she resents barbarous inhumanities. But both she and Jeanne Terrasson are up to a certain point skilful controversialists as well as ardent enthusiasts; there they stop, resorting to vituperative invective which explains, if it does not excuse, some of the sufferings inflicted upon them. On the other hand, the converting zeal of their captors and gaolers, of the prison priests, of the prison surgeon, even of their more liberal-minded friends, seems all on the same level, mixing up certainty as to the truth of the Roman Catholic faith in the naivest fashion with a conviction of the expediency of adopting it. In the end the conflict reduces itself to one between force and stubbornness; the former succeeds in pushing the *confesseuse* into the "temple des idoles"; the latter persists in regarding these forced attendances as "le plus grand péché que j'aye commis en ma vie." Such interiors of the seventeenth century open to us a moral and intellectual world to which our eyes have grown strange.

But what is to be said of another interior which maintained itself in France several years beyond the middle of the eighteenth century? Near Aigues Mortes, a few miles from Nîmes—the city which gave birth to a Protestant French Prime Minister, and where, we believe, to this day it is thought hazardous to put Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* upon the stage—stands, as some of our readers may remember, a round tower, said to have been begun by St. Louis and finished by Philip the Bold. This

tower long served for the confinement of Protestant prisoners, but after the escape thence of the Camisard Abraham Mazel, with sixteen companions, it was only employed for the confinement of less dangerous convicts—women arrested for having attended "religious assemblies." It was not till the year 1767—just twenty-six years after the young King Frederick II. of Prussia had, probably under the inspiration of Voltaire, requested from Louis XV. the liberation of the religious prisoners in the Tower—that the Marshal Prince de Beauvau, on the occasion of a journey of military inspection, obtained permission to release three or four of the incarcerated women, and took the liberty, in the name of justice and humanity, to liberate all that remained, fourteen in number. We now learn from M. Sagnier, whose researches enable him to give a yearly list of the females confined in the Tower, that the earliest known of these imprisonments dates as far back as 1708. In 1746, four years after King Frederick had made his appeal, there were forty prisoners in the Tower; and, in 1750, when an active raid was made upon the Protestant assemblies in Lower Languedoc, a fresh batch was added. A few years earlier we find an instance of an old woman, of the age of seventy-seven, being placed there. In her case small hope of conversion can have been entertained. But in no instance was any release granted till after a declaration of abjuration had been signed—a significant comment upon the sophism with which the Intendant of Languedoc had replied to the communication of the King of Prussia's request. "You are aware," he writes, unconsciously repeating Lord Burghley's defence of Queen Elizabeth's persecution of the Catholics, "that the real crime for which the prisoners are punished was that of having 'gone counter to the ordinance of the King.'"

It is of some of these "political" prisoners that a series of memorials have recently come to light, more touching in their mute appeal than all the biblical eloquence of Blanche Gamond or the psalmody of the minister's sister, Jeanne Terrasson. During the clearing away last August of a quantity of obstructions from the loopholes of the great room in the Tower which served as the prison-in-chief, "great was the surprise" of the officer who had directed it to find among the rubbish a piece of ancient coarse cloth matting, from out of which he drew forth two women's shoes, one of a young girl, three children's shoes of different sizes, some playing-cards, conjectured to have belonged to the soldiers on guard, "a pewter spoon, some pots-herds, and some fragments of letters." Owing to the accident of their being covered by the thick matting, all these articles had been preserved notwithstanding wind and weather. The fragments of letters are now printed. They are only four in number. Three are written or dictated by a husband to the address of his wife in the Tower, in the years 1730 and 1731. He prays for her day and night; and he is intriguing to the best of his ability to bring about her release. She has, by M. Sagnier's researches, been identified as a daughter of most respectable parents, and the wife of a most respectable husband, at Nîmes. She had been baptized a Catholic, but her family had remained true to its Protestant traditions; and so, though the mother of four children of whom the youngest was a baby of a few months, she had gone to listen to a sermon delivered to the faithful in the *Mas des Crottes* near the city. The assembly was surprised; and her fate was to have her head shaved and to be imprisoned in the Tower. Twelve years and seven months afterwards, having abjured the errors of Calvin, she was released. The fourth fragment is dated 1730, and is written by a mother-in-law to her son's wife, who had given birth to a child in the Tower. The mother-in-law sends with her congratulations and prayers some linen, and a bench and a board for a bed. The young wife, who had been taken during her pregnancy in the *Mas des Crottes*, has been identified as belonging to a well-to-do family of Protestant antecedents; but she had been married to her husband, a master-miller, according to the Catholic rites. She remained in prison for twelve years and six months, at the end of which she too abjured the errors of Luther and Calvin. Though the *Tour de Constance* has yielded only a few and simple secrets, yet the history of its sorrows may, like these poor letters themselves, be sufficiently reconstructed from fragments to remind us of its gloomy significance.

HODGE AND HIS MASTERS.*

WHY should an agricultural labourer be called, generically, "Hodge"? There is good reason for calling a sailor "Jack"; it is as likely as not to be his actual, if not his baptismal, name; but if any one has ever known, seen, or heard of a man on a farm who answered to the name of Hodge, his experience is more extensive than our own. The word is, or is supposed to be, an abbreviation of "Roger," than which no ordinary Christian name is less familiar in the agricultural districts. Probably the nickname is taken as representing, both in type and sound, the ideal labourer as he is exhibited by contemporary art; an unlovely combination of a pig and a scarecrow, vacuous and grinning in the earlier stages of his life, haggard and hideous as he falls to pieces at last. It is perhaps by an excusable concession to the popular taste for caricature and slang that Mr. Jefferies has

* *Hodge and his Masters.* By Richard Jefferies, Author of "The Game-keeper at Home," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

adopted this stupid designation in the title of his book; but, if he chooses thus to provoke a prejudice against him on the part of reviewers whom his former works had certainly predisposed in his favour, it is entirely his own fault. We are bound, however, to add that he has done his best, and that very well, to teach the town-bred readers of the *Standard*, through the papers now collected in these volumes, who and what the "Hodge" of their satire is in actual life. He is commonly supposed, we are aware, to belong to the general class of "unskilled labourers." The correctness of the assumption can easily be tested by any one who will watch him laying a hedge, or trimming one, and will then ask his leave to take a turn for a yard or two at the same work, by way of experiment. Or he is imagined to be clumsy and shambling, with no particular control over his arms and legs. It happens that just now there has been a fair average fall—perhaps rather above the average—of oak timber going on; and it would be easy to put on the climbing irons, and try a match with Hodge the younger as he goes up to fasten the rope. Only it might be desirable to test the irons first; because, in the event of a breakage at twenty feet up, it might not be so easy for the critical amateur to fall straight, and be ready, after nothing worse than a fortnight or so of sprained ankle, to try another tree before the felling was over.

Mr. Jefferies's book appears very opportunely at a time when it is especially necessary to clear away the mass of nonsense which has been talked and written about "Hodge" and his fellows. Lord Henry Sydeney—or was it Lord Valentine?—fought valiantly, but vainly, in our early youth to secure for them official recognition as the "peasantry," and was fain after all to write down "labourers" in the place of the nobler title. So therefore must we; but as the "labourer" bids fair to become what the "peasant" never was, one of Lord Sherbrooke's "masters," it is time that the public should educate itself about him, besides proceeding (with or without by-laws) in the work of educating him. *Hodge and his Masters* is a valuable contribution to the practical literature of country life. On the whole, this series of papers may be described as including all the varieties of work and circumstance which are exhibited under the general designation of farming. That any such variety exists may be a revelation to some persons, who imagine a "farmer" to be very much the same sort of person, with very much the same work to do, whether he lives in Lincolnshire or on Salisbury Plain; whether he grows cabbages on the Essex Flats, hops and cider in Herefordshire, or nothing at all on a heavy clay soil during the late melancholy series of wet seasons. To the large class of professional and business men whose escape from London is limited to a few weeks at the same recurring season, usually in August or September, the variety of Mr. Jefferies's descriptions will make his book very pleasant reading. They are perhaps familiar with harvest-time and the inland and sea-side aspects of the later summer, while they have not seen the apple-blossom or gathered a strawberry for thirty years. Nor will country readers themselves find very much less to learn. It is not a paradox to say that a thorough rustic, whether master or man, knows very little of the country. He knows his own country, it is true; his tether is a little longer and a little more flexible than that of the season-ticker holder in his shuttle-like passage from office to villa and back; but outside the ways of his own neighbourhood he has no experience. He is not, indeed, as utterly *adscriptus glebae* as was his grandfather, who never in his life was further from home than the county town, when he was summoned as a juror or witness to the Assizes; but the change is very gradual, and his more erratic movements are governed by the excursion train.

The labourer's "masters," in the sense in which Mr. Jefferies uses the term, represent the whole order of the country life in which he works for his wages. His immediate employer, the tenant-farmer, of course fills the largest space in the picture; but the peer, the squire, the parson, the banker, lawyer, and editor—though, unless the oversight is our own, by a singular omission, not the doctor—have all their places in the hierarchy by which the life of "Hodge" is ruled. These sketches are of varying merit; but we have marked the paper headed "County Court Day" as one drawn with especial vigour and effect. It is perhaps only fair to state that the author has written generally with attention to accuracy in details; though the admission is more than he deserves at the hands of his critics when he deliberately chooses to scandalize them in his very first line:—"The doorway of the Jason Inn at Woolbury." What farmer, in or out of "the Farmers' Parliament," ever heard of such a sign, or would have the faintest notion of what the writer could have got into his head? The Dissenting minister, if he were consulted, might possibly rub up his traditions of Puritan signs, and suggest a solution which, however unlikely, would not be absurd and impossible. We have a dim idea that there is an advertising hosier somewhere who calls his shop "The Golden Fleece"; but he at any rate exhibits his classical learning in plain English. We must also take objection, as being not merely "exceptional," but exaggerated and unreal, to the sketch of "Mademoiselle." The daughter of the homely, rough country farmer may have been brought up to think herself a "lady"; she may have gone out as a governess; she may have lived as such "at the West End"; she may have worn very fine clothes, and travelled with a first-class ticket, and have "seen very grand people indeed occasionally," in Belgravia, or its suburbs; and she may have come home to ask her father for money, and to give herself airs. But the picture presented to us, as a whole, is patchwork. It is not socially true; and, instead of a contrast, the author has given us a contradiction. A girl of re-

fined mind may rise above her original surroundings; but this girl is not refined, and in real life she must have been either less good or less "grand" than Mr. Jefferies has made her.

Among Hodge's masters, the tenant-farmers, we are introduced to a large and diversified collection of portraits, taken, it may be presumed, more or less from life. The men are as various as the scenes in which their lot is cast, and the old order, as usual, is shown as giving place to the new. But one type of farmer will be searched for among his fellows in vain—that is, if anybody thinks it worth while to undertake the vain labour of searching for him. This is the "John Bull" of whose being we suppose that in the present generation Mr. Tenniel must be regarded as the author, and who may possibly once have existed otherwise than as the phantom which he is now. However this may be, the character and position of the occupier of land, always somewhat undefined, is now passing through an evident stage of transition. He is, and he is not, an independent trader. He does what he likes with his own, but what is his own may not be so easy to discover. He has been a good deal worried by Commissioners of various kinds for the last half-century, and the result has left him in a generally unsettled state of mind. Formerly, the custom of leases for lives, and the number, in some parts of the country, of small freeholds had established a constant element in the farming class, which has been largely uprooted by the modern system of yearly agreements and the formation of purchased estates. The tenant at will is now almost as movable as his machinery, and the "parishioner" as an institution bids fair to be speedily extinct. Whether the farmer is or is not in his nature a Conservative is a political mystery which lies outside our province as literary reviewers. He is supposed to be a Churchman, but we believe that his Churchmanship has not generally reached the level of a voluntary Church rate, and perhaps might require some education if advancing legislative ingenuity should ever hit upon the analogous invention of a voluntary tithe. Such as he actually is now, Mr. Jefferies has carefully and often amusingly shown us from many different points of view.

The concluding chapter of *Hodge and his Masters* is among the best bits in the book; and, by a happy dramatic device, brings all the actors in the play at once before the audience at the fall of the curtain. "Hodge's Last Masters" are the Board of Guardians; and this authority, in its combined *ex officio* and elected elements, includes the peer, the squire, the parson, the farmer, and the townsman. The Board has met; and

the master of the workhouse delivers his weekly report. One inmate, an ancient labourer, died that morning in the infirmary. The announcement is received with regretful exclamations, and there is a cessation of business for a few minutes. Some of the old farmers who knew the deceased recount their connexion with him, and how his family has lived in the parish as cottagers from time immemorial. A reminiscence of a grim joke that fell out forty years before, and of which the deceased was the butt, causes a grave smile, and then to business again.

Mr. Jefferies knows too well the value of the "infirmary" to the aged labourer to represent it as in any way a grievance or wrong that he should, as a rule, end his days there. But he knows also—and in a passage too long for quotation, which we commend to the attention of his readers, he has admirably described—the old man's reluctance to leave his home, and the reasons which go far to justify it. He has certainly put an extreme case; and, in order to account for the aged labourer's solitary life in the cottage, he is obliged to describe him as entirely or in part the owner of it. This is, of course, the exception; he would be more usually "taken care of" in a well-filled, if not crowded, dwelling; and the cottage of poetry and sentiment, with its thatch and its woodbine, is not, as the author is careful to show, the ideal of sanitary reformers. He must "go into the House":—

At the workhouse the monotony weighed upon him. He used to think as he lay awake in bed that in the spring nothing should keep him in this place. He would take his discharge and go out, and borrow a hoe from somebody, and go and do a bit of work again, and be about in the fields. But the spring came, and the rain was ceaseless.

The year went by, and he became more feeble:—

In the infirmary the real benefit of the workhouse reached him. The food, the little luxuries, the attention, were far superior to anything he could possibly have had at home. But still it was not home. . . . The end came very slowly; he ceased to exist by imperceptible degrees, like an oak-tree. . . . Hodge died; and the very gravedigger grumbled as he delved through the earth hard-bound in the iron frost, for it jarred his hand and might break his spade. The low mound will soon be level, and the place of his burial shall not be known.

The concluding pages of *Hodge and his Masters*, from which these extracts are made, recall to us, in not unfavourable comparison, Faber's poem on the "Death of the Agricultural Labourer"; and this, as those who know the poem will acknowledge, is no slight praise.

* RENOUF'S HIBBERT LECTURES.*

THE trustees of the Hibbert fund have no reason to regret the adoption of the advice that some portion of the resources at their disposal should be devoted to courses of lectures on the historical religions of the world. Nor can there be much doubt that no wiser decision could have been made than that which selected the ancient religions of India and Egypt for examination

* *The Hibbert Lectures, 1879—Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt.* By P. Le Page Renouf. London: Williams & Norgate. 1880.

at the outset of the task thus taken in hand. But, in spite of the feelings of wonder and curiosity which the Nile Valley and its people can never fail to awaken in all who are not destitute of the historical faculty, the lecturer who undertakes to deal with the civilization and religion of that mysterious land is placed in some measure at a disadvantage. The history of thought and belief among the Aryans of India is inextricably bound up with the history of thought and belief among the Aryans of Europe. Both belong to the same stock; the languages of both are closely allied; and both carried the germs, and perhaps more than the germs, of their civil polity, their ethics, and their religious faith from the common home of the race. We find among the former not only the names of gods worshipped by the latter, but the framework of the multitude of popular traditions which have had their fruit in the great harvest of Eastern and Western epic poetry. Professor Max Müller might well say that, as offering opportunities for a real study of the genesis and growth of religion, no country can be compared to India, and that the sacred books of the Hindus furnish for a study of religion in general the same peculiar and unexpected advantages which the language of India has offered for the study of the origin and growth of human speech. When we turn to Egypt we are tempted to fancy ourselves in a region altogether isolated from any other, and more especially in one which has as little influenced the Aryan world as the influence of the latter seems to have been felt within its borders. It is scarcely possible, therefore, that the history of Egyptian thought and belief can have the charm and the absorbing interest which one feels in tracing the development of religion among tribes whose ancestors belong to the same stock with our own, unless indeed it should throw light on problems of which, so long as our view is confined to an Aryan horizon, we can make little or nothing.

But, however wide may be the gulf which separates the people of ancient Egypt from the Aryan world in times for which we possess records or traditions of any kind, the character of their religion remains a subject of paramount importance in the history of human thought; and, after all, as the scrutiny is carried further and further, the question may again be forced upon us whether this isolated nation may not have some distant kindred with Hindus, Greeks, and Teutons. The existence of any connexion between them in times of which we can be said to have the least historical knowledge Mr. Renouf emphatically denies. The days of Egyptian greatness were over before the country was opened to Greek merchants; but, although traders are not likely to be specially susceptible of intellectual and religious impressions, the intercourse of these strangers with the Egyptians could not be wholly without result. Mr. Renouf's assertion that neither Greeks nor Hebrews borrowed any of their ideas from Egypt may be over-confident; but he may perhaps be justified in speaking of the travels of Pythagoras and other philosophers to Eastern climes as "fabulous inventions," and in regarding as absurd the notion that Greeks would listen to a foreign teacher as the author of doctrines which they would certainly have discovered without his help and at the very time they did so. The idea that Alexandria ever served "as a medium of interchange of ideas between the Eastern and Western worlds" he treats as not less untenable. It was, he says, a commercial town, inhabited by a population which cared not in the least for Eastern ideas, while the learned Greeks who lived there were profoundly ignorant of the Egyptian language and literature; and not only is the information which they give us for the most part utterly erroneous, even when it has been derived from an authentic source, but it is always completely Hellenized in passing through a Greek channel. Nor can more be said for the notion that Alexandria was on the chief line of traffic between Europe and Asia, the trade with the more distant East being in the hands of the seafaring Arabs of the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, and the Gulf of Akaba. If, however, the idea of any extensive intercourse between Egyptians and Europeans in historical times must be given up, the fact still remains that the course of Egyptian thought runs on the whole parallel to that of the Aryan tribes in India, and exhibits some striking points of resemblance and agreement. The vast antiquity of Egyptian civilization carries us back to an age compared with which the era of the Aryan invasion of the Punjab is modern; but, after all, we can say nothing as to the length of time during which the common ancestors of the Aryan nations lived together in their primeval home. Whether the Egyptians belonged to the same stock is a question which must be decided on evidence or left undetermined. The evidence at present at our command leaves it open. The theory that they came from Ethiopia and moved steadily towards the North has been abandoned. Their southward migration, Mr. Renouf asserts, has been "most conclusively proved"; and the earliest Ethiopian civilization is "demonstrably the child, not the parent, of the Egyptian." A growing consensus of scholars points "to the interior of Asia as the cradle" of the race, which beyond doubt is wholly distinct from all genuine African tribes. Mr. Renouf refers to the assertion of Professor Owen that the conditions which could bring about the conversion of the Australian into the Egyptian type of skull are unknown and scarcely conceivable, and that, in the earliest as in the later Egyptians, "the size of crown and multiplication of fangs are reduced in the ancient Egyptian to the standard of Indo-European, or so-called highly-civilized races." From their language we can infer nothing beyond the fact that, if we rely on their testimony, the Egyptians had no affinity with the Semitic family of mankind. Their speech "is not, or at least cannot be shown to be, allied to any other known language than its descendant the

Coptic." The existence of castes as an immutable condition would, if the fact were certain, in no way militate against their Aryan origin; while their retention of monogamy in a continent where among other races it was unknown tells more strongly in its favour than their adoption of it would have justified an opposite conclusion. Caste, however, in the Hindu sense of the word, was not an Egyptian institution. There was no impassable barrier between professions, while the position of the mother in ancient Egyptian families is "absolutely irreconcilable with the existence either of polygamy as a general practice, or of such an institution as the *harém*."

At this point, then, we must, it seems, leave the question of their affinity with any European or Asiatic nations; but perhaps for this very reason the history of their civilization, and still more of their religion, becomes both more instructive and more important. If its origin and growth were independent, it illustrates still more forcibly the course into which by their constitution as men the thoughts of men are directed; and the greater its antiquity the more cogent are the conclusions to be drawn from it. The two facts which our examination of this history brings out in strong relief are the extremely early development of a belief which may fairly be called monotheistic, and the gradual expansion of a mythology which runs parallel with that of the Aryan races. In other words, the analysis of ancient Egyptian belief completely upsets the theory of De Brosses, which Professor Max Müller had in the first series of Hibbert Lectures shown to be untenable—namely, that all religion had its beginning in Fetishism; while the examination of Egyptian myths adds vastly to the strength of the conclusions reached by comparative mythologists who have worked in the wide field of Aryan tradition. To these two points Mr. Renouf addresses himself specially throughout these lectures; and if we admit the truthfulness of the picture, we must allow that his work has made substantial additions to our knowledge on a subject the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. The accounts of Egyptian religion given by foreigners, whether Christians or any others, could not fail to be more or less superficial, unless they were prepared to acknowledge that there might be something beneath its outward ceremonial. It cannot be said that they were prepared to make any such admission; and even in the time of Herodotus Egyptian thought had, in Mr. Renouf's opinion, already taken the wrong direction, which rendered the downfall of their religion inevitable. The employment of animal forms as symbols of Deity, or rather of the several attributes of the Divine Being, had laid the foundations of what became afterwards a degraded animal worship; but it is of the utmost importance to note that this degradation was strictly an aftergrowth. Professor Max Müller had long ago spoken of the Rig Veda as belonging in certain parts to the earliest stages of human thought; but, unless we throw back to a vast distance of time the origin of Vedic literature, the literature of Egypt must take its place as beyond comparison the most ancient in the world. The exodus of the Israelites cannot, M. Renouf holds, be with any probability brought lower down than the fourteenth century before the Christian era, while the Great Pyramid cannot be more recent than 3000 B.C. The maxims of Ptahhotep belong to the age of the Pyramids, and therefore have an antiquity exceeding from fifteen to twenty centuries the highest claimed for the oldest portion of the Rig Veda. It is therefore, as M. Chabas has called it, the most ancient book of the world; but it appeals, nevertheless, to the authority of those who were then ancients, and it enforces a morality which rests on responsibility to a personal Creator and Preserver of all things, whose unity is declared to be absolute. This belief is set forth in hymns addressed, through a long series of ages, to what we may, if we please, call a multitude of gods. Osiris, Horus, Thoth, Amon, and many more, are each worshipped in language which to all appearance is purely monotheistic. A hymn preserved in two MSS. in the British Museum speaks of "the bringer of food, the creator of all good things," and says that "He is not graven in marble as an image bearing the double crown. He is not beheld; he hath neither ministrant nor offerings; he is not adored in sanctuaries; his abode is not known; no shrine (of his) is found with painted figures. There is no building that can contain him. Unknown is his name in heaven; he doth not manifest his forms. Vain are all representations." Yet this hymn is addressed to the Nile, who is identified with Ra, Amon, Ptah, and other gods. In another Amon Ra is invoked as "the ancient of heaven, Lord of all existences, the support of all things, the One in His works." It goes on to speak of him as "the maker of men, listening to the poor who is in distress, gentle of heart when one cries to him . . . Lord of wisdom, whose precepts are wise, Lord of mercy, most loving, at whose coming men live, opener of every eye, the One, maker of all that is . . . lying awake while all men sleep, to seek out the good of his creatures, Salutation to thee because thou abidest in us, adoration to thee because thou hast created us. Hail to thee, Lord of law . . . the One alone without a second, King alone, single among the gods, of many names, unknown in their number."

This last phrase must be taken as the explanation of the fact that, while the One Being is thus spoken of as "the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow," the several deities to whom the hymns speaking of this One God are addressed suffer from hunger, thirst, disease, and sorrow, and all require protection. They may be reckoned up almost by myriads; but the task of numbering them is needless, for it may be fairly said that almost any one may be substituted for or identified with another. The goddess

Hathor "is identified not only with Isis, but with Sechet at Memphis, Neith at Sais, Saosis at Heliopolis," and many more. "Mentu and Tmu, two of the great gods of Thebes, are merely aspects of the sun-god Ra." This may be called Henotheism, or the form of thought which regards a succession of deities in turn as each the One Supreme, all-perfect God, to the exclusion for the time being of all the rest; but in strictness of speech this term applies only when the worshipper addresses himself to the One God and Father of all men by one particular name. What are we to say when a number of deities are asserted to be one and the same God? "Thou, Agni, art Indra, thou art Vishnu. Thou art Varuna, when thou art born; thou art Mitra, when thou art kindled; thou art Aryaman"; and not only this, but Agni is also Prajapati, Daksha, Brahm, and Skamba. For the time, at least, these are for the poet mere names for Him who is in His own nature incomprehensible, and the instinct which prompts the use of them is strictly monotheistic. There is, of course, the danger that this polytheism may run on into a pantheistic philosophy or issue in a coarse polytheism. In Egypt both these results followed, and they were hastened perhaps by the mythological nature of the deities or powers which represented the action of the One unseen God in its multifarious aspects. The old opinion that the Egyptians, although they had many gods, had no mythology, is, Mr. Renouf asserts, "altogether an erroneous one; it confuses the notion of myth with that of mythological tale or legend; and whilst the Egyptians really had an abundance of legendary tales, their myths are simply innumerable." These myths were, as they were everywhere else, mere phrases, which might consist only of one or two words. A few such phrases furnish the framework for all the legends of Oedipus, Herakles, or Bellerophon; and Mr. Renouf is brought by an examination of Egyptian myths to precisely those conclusions which have been reached by comparative mythologists who have worked on the traditions of the Aryan races. As soon as the nature of the myth is understood, all anomalies and seeming immoralities in the popular stories of the gods are, he says, at once explained. The birth of the sun "may be derived from ever so many different mothers. He may be the son of the Sky, or of the Dawn, or of the Sea, or of Night. . . . All myths are strictly true, but they can only be harmonized when translated into the language of physical reality." But the climate of the Nile valley determined the character of Egyptian mythology, which is concerned almost entirely with phenomena of regular and perpetual recurrence. Mr. Renouf's conclusion is sufficiently clear and definite; and he expresses it in the words which Professor Max Müller applied to the myths of the Aryan tribes. "Whatever may be the case in other mythologies, 'I look upon the sunrise and sunset, on the daily return of day and night, on the battle between light and darkness, on the whole solar drama in all its details, that is acted every day, every month, every year, in heaven and in earth, as the principal subject' of Egyptian mythology." The agreement of independent inquirers in different fields of research is a fact of the highest significance. It is no slight gain that Mr. Renouf's conclusions, after a careful examination of Egyptian belief and philosophy, should be in complete accordance with those which have been reached after a not less patient scrutiny of the ancient faith and literature of India.

THERE'S RUE FOR YOU.*

"TO Mudie's!" Such are the striking and expressive words with which this novel opens. Who is the speaker we are not at once told. In the second line, however, we get so far as to make the acquaintance of her footman. In ignorance, apparently, that he was listening to the words of a heroine, he did what all other footmen would have done under the circumstances—he touched his hat. He next put into the carriage a packet of books, a purse, card-basket, and Court Guide. These four articles, we learn, are "the paraphernalia necessary to a lady's afternoon in London." Paraphernalia used once to mean the goods which a wife possesses in her own right. Like many other words derived from the Greek, it has come down a good deal in the world. But to return from this digression to the footman of the speaker who has just opened the story of her life by uttering the simple words "To Mudie's!" We have left him on the pavement. His hat he had touched, and the paraphernalia he had handed in. Whether he had closed the door before the heroine spoke, whether he closed it after she had spoken, or whether he forgot to close it altogether, we are nowhere told. Something, perhaps, must be left to the reader's imagination; and at all events we next hear of him as jumping up beside the coachman. There he "gave the word, and the trim little brougham was soon swallowed up in the gloom of the December fog that hung over the city." The brougham went along Piccadilly, which suggests an allusion to the Tuscan poet's hell, through the streets by Long Acre, where some "glories" of Italian tapestry and the like were put forth for sale, until it reached Oxford Street. This it crossed slowly and with difficulty, and at last drew up "in front of a large gray building which, with its high windows and swinging glass-doors, was evidently the emporium of a brisk business of some sort." As the heroine had told the footman to drive to Mudie's, and as the footman had given the word to the coachman, as moreover the carriage had taken the road to Mudie's, and as there was

no reason to believe that the coachman had lost his way, or was drunk, the reader feels a little annoyed at the attempt on the part of the author to make something of a mystery of this large gray building. Of course it was the emporium of a brisk business of some sort. It was a large circulating library. However, we must follow the fortunes of our heroine; of the footman we hear nothing more, at all events for the present. His absence, however, will be presently made up, and more than made up, by a butler. The lady took up the books—just one-fourth part of the paraphernalia—and descended. As she entered the emporium "she inhaled with pleasure the atmosphere of the place, that seemed to be impregnated with the odours of learning and leather." The alliteration is pretty, but it might be extended. In Mudie's there are to be seen many footmen with their pomatummed heads of hair. Let us say, then, that she inhaled with pleasure an atmosphere impregnated with the odours of learning, leather, and lackeys. She passed by rows of eager people and the indefatigable attendants. She seemed, we are told, to know the intricacies of the place. She looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, but "walked to the top of the room, where stood a red-and-white placard, on which was printed in large letters, 'From F. to J.'" The thoughtful reader will at once surmise that between these two letters her own name is included. He will find that he is not mistaken, for her name is Heathcote. At last she succeeded in securing the notice of one of the attendants, and inquired for a copy of St. Aubyn's new poem. Thereupon follows this remarkable dialogue:—

"I don't think so, ma'm. We took in a hundred copies, but there has been so great a demand for it I think they are all out. I will go and see if a new lot has arrived."

"Would you also at the same time, please, get me one or two of the books on this list to make up my number."

Presently the attendant returned with the poem she had asked for, with its green cover and golden sunflowers. "She stretched out her hand, eagerly thanked him, and then nodding a bright 'Good morning,' walked quickly away with her treasure." How she reached her carriage, what orders she gave to her footman, how she handed in fresh paraphernalia, how he touched his hat, jumped up beside the coachman, and gave the word—all this is again left to the reader's imagination. Thus much we know, that the brougham dashed through Belgrave Square on its homeward way. "Any more orders?" asked the coachman, having deposited his mistress at the door." Having answered the coachman, she turned to the butler, who silently awaited his orders. Does the silence of the butler contrast with the loquacity of the coachman? Ought he to have awaited in equal silence the orders of his mistress? We doubt it. The grave solemnity which becomes a butler might seem a little out of place on the box. The silence was at last broken by this remarkable utterance. "I am not 'at home' if any one calls. And we dine out this evening." We pass on to a small velvet-and-lace-clad figure that, for all the reader cares, might have remained silent also, but speaks after the fashion of babies who are learning to talk. From the child we pass on to a dark-eyed, intelligent-looking little French maid, and to a white cashmere tea-gown, and a lace-and-ribbon-decked toilet-table. At last we learn what manner of woman it was who, in the first line of the first page, said "To Mudie's!" The author might just as well, we should have thought, have introduced her to us before she set off for the emporium. But then she would not have been ushered in, as it were, by her footman, her coachman, her silent butler, and her lady's-maid. By the present arrangement she makes, we must allow, somewhat of a grand entrance as she dashes along in her brougham with her paraphernalia by her side. She does not fall far short of the idea we have formed to ourselves of an Odd-Fellow, when he is in what the Order calls full regalia. Mrs. Heathcote—for our heroine is a married woman—when she was arrayed in the soft clinging folds of her Indian muslin, with a golden fillet in her golden hair—her halo of golden curls, as it is elsewhere called—looked like a diaphanous creature. Nevertheless, she differed from the majority of diaphanous creatures in that her individuality, as we are told, was more accentuated and more positive. "The very scent of her dress as she swept along seemed to pervade the air, creating an atmosphere round her different to that which one looks for with the ordinary pretty, fashionable women one meets." We should have a more exact notion of what the author means did we know what is the atmosphere that one looks for with such women. But we must sweep along with the heroine, who pushed back a *portière* and entered a sitting-room, "which it was very easy to see was the favourite abiding-place of a refined and educated woman." It is well to know what in these days are the signs of refinement and education. We find there Eastern and Italian plates, easy-chairs standing invitingly about, small tables strewn with the daily papers, latest periodicals, and books, a three-legged table with a plate full of tempting bread and butter—nothing so vulgar as muffins, we beg the reader to note—and a Turkish stool inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The walls were covered with a rich, dark-coloured leather, so that the atmosphere must have seemed not very unlike that of Mudie's. The odours of learning and leather would pleasantly blend with the scent of a dress that creates an atmosphere different to that which one looks for with the ordinary pretty, fashionable women one meets. Mrs. Heathcote leisurely poured out a cup of tea—whether she drank it and ate some bread and butter, we are not told. Here, again—for at least the third time—something is left for the reader's imagination to supply. She took up a paper-knife—a large ivory paper-knife—and she cut the leaves of her green and gold volume.

* *There's Rue for You*. A Novel. By Mrs. Arthur Keanard. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

"Quickly and deftly did the slender pink fingers pass between each leaf." The book introduces the paper-knife, the paper-knife introduces her fingers, her fingers introduce her whole hand, and her whole hand gives us the key to her character:—

Grace's hand was one of the conical-fingered, small-thumbed palms; not a round, dimpled, shapeless hand, but one of the flexible, sensitive, fleshless sort; a hand that had artistic perceptions and instincts, but wanted determination and force to carry them to any definite end. It was the index of a nature impassioned, enthusiastic, and tender, but wanting in judgment, patience, and persistence.

It is about time, the reader will say, for Mr. Heathcote to appear. He lets himself into the house with a latch-key and slams the door. He finds fault with the tea and calls the green-covered book rubbish. His wife rings the bell, "which was immediately answered by a splendid creature in silk stockings." Whether he was the footman who touched his hat in the opening scene and handed in the paraphernalia, we are not told. At all events his name was John. That we learn from the command which was at once given him. "Would you please make some fresh tea, John? and be sure the water is boiling."

We have but described a single chapter of one volume of this novel, and can scarcely be said as yet to have given our readers any very exact notion of the plot. Nevertheless this first chapter enables them to form a just notion of what there is to follow. We rise indeed in society the further we go on. The second chapter opens with Mr. and Lady Adela Manners, who lived in a fashionable West-End square, and were celebrated for giving some of the best dinners in London. Before long we come to another lady, whose house was "the centre round which most of the luminaries of greatest magnitude revolved." She was so high up in fashion that she dared to refuse the request even of a Duchess, who "had the impertinence to come up and ask for an invitation for Lord and Lady Markham, her cousins twenty times removed." Her Grace, by the way, thereupon behaved very little better than a common scold. "She turned on her heel. 'What an impudent little minx that is! I will crush her some day, see if I don't.'" Whether that awful day of reckoning ever came we are nowhere told. Meantime the lovely lady "had it all her own way, and snubbed duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and baronets' wives pretty well as she chose." Is there not here, by the way, an instance of the art of sinking, to begin with duchesses and end with the wives of baronets?

Lest our readers should imagine that the author in her account of footmen, furniture, and duchesses has forgotten to put in a plot, we hasten to assure them that that is by no means the case. Through the fine words some kind of a history can be traced by the patient reader. A madman, the poet St. Aubyn, falls in love with the heroine. He had once loved Maud Butler, the only child of a leading diplomatist. To her, we read, had descended pride from a long succession of Norman ancestors. She was deceived by her father, a proud ambitious man, and in a soliloquy she announced her intention of becoming worldly, heartless, and selfish. In three months "she made the most brilliant match of the season, and crowned her father's ambition" by marrying the eldest son of an earl. St. Aubyn goes mad, recovers, writes a poem, sees Mrs. Heathcote, falls in love with her without her knowing it, receives a solemn warning from a countess at an evening party, dashes out of the house, dives recklessly in and out of the carriages, runs home, sees a hideous spectre, raves for three or four pages, drinks off a strong-smelling brown liquid, sits down at his table, and sends his pen along with feverish rapidity over pages and pages of foolscap. He forgets the Countess's "utterances of Fate," and pursues Mrs. Heathcote once more. Her husband deserts her, and she is left for nearly half the book in a state of great misery. Unhappily for the reader, but most happily for the heroine, the madman keeps a diary; and when he dies full proof is found in it of her innocence. In the last chapter she has a most superfluous attack of typhoid fever. As, however, she was living at the time in Italy, here the author is certainly true to nature. Her husband arrives from England full of penitence, and discovers a tiny wan face, surrounded by a halo of golden curls. The story winds up magnificently with a great flame of crimson sunset sky, one last triumphant flash sent by the sunset, a dark space of gloom bathed in crimson flames, and two human beings wrapped in a rose-coloured cloud of glory. By a slight forgetfulness which greatly heightens the picture, the author represents the two human beings as both standing. Typhoid fever in stories runs, no doubt, a wondrous course, but even a heroine cannot be allowed to stand on her feet within four-and-twenty hours of recovering consciousness. Besides, just before the sunset began we had seen her propped up on a white pillow. We must look, however, to the general effect, and this certainly requires that, if she should be wrapped in a rose-coloured cloud of glory, she should not at the same time be wrapped in her blankets.

BRAZIL AND THE AMAZONS.*

THIS big book on a big country is calculated to remove from Americans, of whom we take Mr. Smith to be one, the reproach of doing things in too great a hurry. Popularly

they are supposed to sweep through a gallery of antiquities or to survey a continent with the rapidity of a fire devouring one of their own prairies in the Far West. The present work is the result of successive visits and long journeys into the interior, coupled with residences at the principal towns of the Brazilian Empire. Mr. Smith explored the Amazon and its tributaries in 1870 and 1874, and then made two more journeys to the same places, during which he extended his survey to Rio Janeiro and the Southern provinces. He has studied geology; he shows a considerable knowledge of botany and zoology; he has carefully compared the writings of preceding travellers with his own observations; and he brings to bear on the problems of immigration, revenue, taxation, and the development of industry, an amount of intelligence which would do credit to a regularly trained politician. Now and then we have a little "tall" writing, apparently due to the wealth and gorgeousness of nature in the tropics. The trade-wind is described as a "play-wind, race-wind, wake-up-wind, pitch-and-tumble-wind." Sensitive plants fold their hands in silent prayer, and lift themselves every morning with silver tears of thanksgiving to the bright sunshine. Nature sends light-streaks down through the forest roof, when half a dozen leaves catch them and they glow like diamonds. Insects revel in perfume, dive deep in the honey-cups, come out staggering, and tumble about the branches in shameless inebriety. And the following description applies, not to a battle between three-deckers or iron-clads, or German and French legions, but to the fresh waters of the Amazon river doing battle at its mouth with the ocean, and then deflected northward by the equatorial current:—"Its flank is turned, and it sweeps away northward, staining the sea with the blood of its defeat, littering it with débris, madly rushing into the heart of the enemy's country, until its last forces are exhausted and it sinks to annihilation, six hundred miles from the field of battle."

It is perilous to attempt a combination of the vagaries of Charles Dickens with the picturesque exaggerations of Mr. Ruskin. But it would be extremely unfair not to admit that this spasmodic brilliancy does not detract from the solid merits of the whole work. There is an immense deal that is either new or suggestive, or an improvement on the researches of those predecessors to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness. We will take first the Amazon and its tributaries. Mr. Smith has an admiration for this noble river which surprises us in one who might be pardoned for thinking that the Mississippi could whip every stream in the world. His first and his last chapters are devoted to the Amazon and its tributaries. Though exceeded in length by other rivers of the Old and the New World, it has a course of nearly three thousand miles. It rolls down more water than any other two rivers taken together. Its depth is enormous. It has sixteen tributaries of the first-class, some of which are a thousand miles in length, while none are less than seven hundred. The smaller affluents that run into the Amazon or its branches number one hundred and nine. It has a "bore" near the mouth, which, like the phenomenon of the same kind observable on the Ganges, rises in a solid mass, uproots trees, sinks vessels at anchor, and scatters canoes. When in flood after the rainy season, the Amazon turns the whole country on either bank into a flood-plain, as Mr. Smith calls it, or a *varzea*, as the Brazilians term it. This feature seems, from the repeated descriptions, to be a huge network of streams where two or three main channels combine with innumerable smaller ones to send a volume of water over grassy plains, thus enabling Indians to thread their way through swamps and forests with strange vegetation and animal life of their own. In fact, this river reproduces on a similar scale the features which are familiar to any one who has travelled in pinnace or a *bauliah* over the plains of Eastern or Central Bengal when submerged by the rains between July and September. Of the beauty of the Amazon and its tributaries Mr. Herbert Smith never seems to tire. He is perpetually telling us of the enormous expanse of some of its reaches, so vast as to give a water-line for the horizon; of its dense forests impervious to the sun and impenetrable to the boldest traveller; of its countless palms towering above scores of other trees and shrubs and delicate vines; of the primitive Indian villages, diversified by a clearing made by some adventurous American who has incautiously been tempted to imperil his health and substance in a hopeless contest against nature in the tropics; of the splendid tints; of the glaring colours; of the warm days and the cool nights; of the sense of unlimited freedom and the immunity from corroding care.

It is only just to state that Mr. Smith never palliates or hides the discomforts inevitable in such explorations. He was very soon obliged to leave steamers for a canoe; and with a crew of natives he ascended the Tapajos, one of those mighty affluents of the Amazon which flow into it from the south. He explored the Curua, which comes into the same big river from the north. He cut his way for some days through the forest, and was very glad to get back alive. Doubtless it was pleasant to fly along these streams in a light canoe before an exhilarating breeze, to collect specimens, to converse with Indians and settlers, to appreciate the virtues of the noble savage, and to calculate the chances of a countryman's success. But this experience was purchased by real hardships. He and his companions rowed or sailed all day, or forced their canoe over dangerous rapids, sometimes wading breast-high amidst slippery rocks. They bivouacked on the beach at night, lived on hot coffee, mandioc cakes, an occasional duck, a deer or two or a stray monkey. They were devoured by mosquitoes, bitten by spiders, preyed on by ants,

* *Brazil, the Amazons, and the Coast.* By Herbert H. Smith. Illustrated from Sketches by J. Wells Champney and others. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

and severely pricked by nasty fishes. At some places they met with hospitality in a small Settlement. And, though there were rumours of fever and ague at particular seasons of the year, and some swampy localities appear from the description to be perfect hotbeds of disease, his party never seem to have suffered. In these explorations Mr. Smith was enabled to form a judgment regarding the main products of the Amazons. When the flood-plains or *varzeas* are not under water, they serve as grazing grounds for countless herds of cattle, and some proprietors own from ten to thirty thousand head. Hides are largely exported, and it is conjectured that butter might be made in large quantities if some enterprising American would only buy the herds, churn the butter, and pack it in ice. Cacao or cocoa is an important industry. The plantations must be on the low ground, and at the same time above the reach of the floods; and Mr. Smith expatiates on the facilities for growing the plant, on the beauty of the orchards, and on the excellence of the product, whether as chocolate or jelly, in spite of the evident want of care in packing and preparation. Seven million of pounds of cacao are exported every year, of which the greater portion goes to France, a little to England, and none to America. But india-rubber is the largest and the worst-managed branch of industry. The gum is collected by a tribe of half-wild men called *seringueiros*, who kill the trees by recklessness and waste. There seems to be a doubt to whom the forests belong. Said to be the property of the Government, they are owned or claimed by private persons, and if one so-called proprietor deserts a "rubber-swamp," any one else can take it up. The rubber is sold to small traders who carry it to merchants at Para. On the Madeira and the Purus rivers the business is in the hands of large proprietors; but the preparation of the gum from the milk is unscientific; the rubber-gatherers are opposed to all changes and reforms; more than half the traders are in debt; everything is carried on under credit and not by ready money; and the whole system obviously is unsound. Government ought to step in and create a Forest Department, as the Indian Government has done, lease out tracts, and provide for a proper system of bleeding, preserving, and recruiting the plantations. But the officials are negligent or corrupt, and the Emperor cannot see to everything, and so a trade of twenty millions of pounds, valued at six millions of dollars, only encourages idleness and improvidence or serves to make the fortunes of about a dozen men.

The Curua forest is also celebrated for the Brazilian nut. As an export it comes next to rubber and cacao. The tree itself is magnificent. Some are two hundred feet in height, with no branch lower than one hundred feet from the ground. No one thinks of climbing these giants to collect the fruit. Nature produces the fruit in a round, hard, black case, each of which holds about sixteen nuts. The cases, weighing two or three pounds, fall off when ripe, and sometimes kill the nut-gatherers, who have to keep indoors when a strong wind blows. The nuts or cases are collected by Indians and half-castes, who, besides running the chances of a broken skull, are cheated by traders, racked by fever, drowned in the rapids, and even lost in the woods. The nuts go to England in enormous quantities; but, when fresh, taste very differently from the stale, oleaginous articles of the stall. There is all the difference between a Brazilian nut on the Tocantin or a fresh coco-nut gathered in Jessoore or Nuddia, and the same products when sold five thousand miles from their native home.

In spite of all that Mr. Herbert Smith can say for the Amazon and its tributaries, life, whether at Para, Santarem, or Alenquer, strikes us as singularly unpleasant. You are just on the Equator. There are the usual tropical inconveniences—heat and damp, constant rains and thunderstorms—without any of those alleviations which make life endurable at Calcutta, Singapore, or Hong Kong. Mr. Smith speaks favourably of a certain preparation known as *zinho d'assai*, a sort of sherbet, made out of dark berries and mixed with sugar or a little mandioca flour. It has "a brisk nutty flavour," and you can make a decent lunch off it. But we confess that this delectable syrup by itself would not reconcile us to a life at Para; the morning heat, almost invariably followed by a deluge of rain and a thunderstorm in the afternoon; the filthy courtyards, the occasional typhoid fever, the low standard of social morality, the utter corruption of the clergy, the usurping vegetation, and the perpetual sunshine. Mr. Smith gives lively sketches of the different fates of two of his countrymen who had "located" themselves in the valley of the Amazons. Mr. Platts had been invited, apparently by the Brazilian Government, to settle near Santarem. He was supported at first on rations, and lodged in a huge thatched building. But he had soon to shift for himself; to build his own shed, cut his own road, bring his stores on his own back from the town just six miles off, and to buy a sugar-cane plantation from an old Indian woman. He had to get everything on credit, and to be his own carpenter, mason, and engineer. No wonder that poor Mr. Platts looked careworn and discouraged. On the other hand, Mr. R. J. Rhone was a thoroughly practical citizen, who believed in his own theories and was prepared to carry them out. He joined the Baron of Santarem as managing partner of a fine plantation twenty miles below Santarem. The property is not measured by acres but by square miles. On it we find sugar-cane plantations, pastures, forests, lakes swarming with fish and turtle; a capital house, beautifully situated, with a fine river in front and a range of hills at the back; house servants and negroes, thriving industry, profuse hospitality, and the latest inventions for crushing sugar-canes and making rum. But it is not every intelligent citizen of New York or Boston who can find

a Brazilian baron ready to admit him as partner in an estate of great capabilities. We must here join issue with Mr. Smith, who, quoting Mr. Wallace, holds that it is a vulgar error to say that "in the tropics the luxuriance of vegetation overpowers the efforts of man," and that nature and climate are nowhere so favourable to the labourer. The experience of any Anglo-Indian in tea, indigo, rice, or coffee, is, we venture to say, in flat contradiction to the assertion. But we quite agree with our author in the remarks to intending emigrants made at page 175, and would recommend no one to try the Tocantins or the Tapajos without some amount of capital and a very definite idea of what he wishes to buy or grow.

The chapter on Ceara and the famine will suggest to many readers the analogy of these calamities in Behar and Madras. Ceara is a province of Eastern Brazil on the sea coast. It is table-land known as *Sertao* or Wilderness, broken by ranges of mountains varying from two to five thousand feet in height. Here we must not expect to find the luxuriance of the Amazonian forests. We hear of thin woods, sandy tracts, pastures more like North America, and a marked division of the seasons. From June to December the rains almost entirely cease, and the dry trade winds blow from the east and north-east. But when after January the rainy season fails, as it did in 1877, the condition of the province becomes as bad as was that of Orissa in 1866 and Behar in 1874. Ceara had a scattered population, and there were owners of large estates who maintained a sort of feudal sway over a number of non-proprietors of a type created by the admixture of white, Indian, and negro blood. Communication was carried on by pack-horses or clumsy carts over very rough roads, and the inhabitants hunted on the hill ranges or cultivated mandioca and vegetables on the "rolling plains." In 1877 the ordinary dry season of the latter half of one year was followed by a drought in the spring and summer. The terrible scenes of 1824-25 were repeated. The helpless peasants called in vain on St. Joseph, or, pale and emaciated, flocked to the towns. Private charity did not fail, but the author accuses the Government of blindness and insensibility, and of mismanaging the relief which it tardily doled out. After the famine there came, as usual, fever, smallpox, and the paralysing disease called *beri-beri*. Any kind of garbage was consumed by the sufferers, and there were even stories of cannibalism. It is calculated that half a million of the population died from these causes, all taken together. Mr. Smith delights to record the energy and benevolence of a certain Dr. Gomes Pereira, a quiet, unassuming lawyer, who practised very little at the Bar, as he had to manage a large estate of his own. This gentleman seems to have had that administrative capacity and vigour which Anglo-Indians have so often displayed. He set the immigrants to work on building a town hall, a church, a prison; he housed them in well-ventilated barracks; he exacted a moderate amount of labour for rations; comforted the widow; clothed the naked; saved ten thousand lives; and, to this hour, does not know that he has done anything wonderful. Mr. Smith was there at the time, and evidently speaks of this unpretending advocate in the tone "Si quid mea carmina possunt, nulla dies unquam," &c.

From Ceara the author went down the coast to Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, and has suggestive remarks about each place. Pernambuco is the outlet of a rich region of forest, but it has an awkward reef, within which small vessels can find shelter, while large ocean steamers must anchor out in the roads. There is here an old and a new town, and a delightful suburb where the residents enjoy sea air and bathing. Bahia has a harbour, inferior only to Rio. It is a picturesque old town; exports sugar, cotton, hides, and diamonds; and enjoys a practical monopoly of the tobacco trade. At Rio Mr. Smith finds most to praise in the Sugar Loaf Hill, the splendid harbour, and the gardens of Botofogo. Social life is tainted and corrupt. The mothers spoil their children, who grow up luxurious and disinclined to work. Yellow fever is localized by bad drainage and want of sanitation. The country lies under the curse of slavery, though this detested institution must end by 1892. The commercial system of the Brazilian Government is eminently unsound, according to Mr. Smith. Heavy duties are laid on almost every article of export. Cotton has been ruined in this way; sugar is confined and narrowed; American merchants hardly meet with fair play, and when they import cargoes of flour can carry away little or nothing but coffee. As to the production of this article Mr. Smith has a good deal to tell us. He was hospitably received and shown over a fine coffee plantation. The owner was quite alive to the necessity of keeping pace with the times. He had brought under cultivation 2,400 acres out of 4,000; he had introduced new machinery; he employed a steam-engine to air and dry the berry; he owned fine oxen and mules; his poultry yard was crowded; and his gangs of negroes were drilled, fed, called to prayers, summoned to their meals, and sent to bed with the precision of clock-work. But the whole system seems to us as unsound as it did to Mr. Smith. There is no room in this part of the Empire for small coffee proprietors. Rich owners have been permitted to seize on large tracts and to hold them without cultivation. There is a railroad of three hundred and sixty-five miles in length to which constant additions are being made. But the directors of these lines are compelled to charge heavily for freight, and could not exist were it not that Government guaranteed them a good rate of interest. Altogether the picture drawn by Mr. Smith leads to the conclusion that progress in Southern Brazil must be slow. Immigrants will not be tempted by a hot climate, a strong competition, a high tariff, and a meddlesome Government. We note with surprise not unmixed with admiration, that Mr. Smith warns Brazilians who

"murmur for a republic" that "a republican government is precisely the most difficult to carry on."

There are several other interesting topics to which we can only draw attention. We are told some amusing myths and stories of folklore, in which stupid jaguars are outwitted by clever land-tortoises and monkeys, and the cota or agouti plays all kinds of amusing pranks. There is one good map of a part of the Amazon river which makes us long for a more complete one of the whole kingdom. The letterpress is enlivened by more than a hundred neat illustrations of the scenery and inhabitants of different parts of the Empire. We find a tolerable index, and can recommend the work to those readers who desire materials for drawing a comparison between the numerous Republics of South America and its sole surviving monarchy. With all its faults and imperfections, we take the Brazilian Empire to be, on the whole, as superior to Ecuador, Peru, and the Argentine Republic, as Mr. Smith's work is undoubtedly superior to the general run of such bulky publications.

HOLLAND'S ELEMENTS OF JURISPRUDENCE.*

PROFESSOR HOLLAND is to be congratulated on having done a piece of work that was much called for. Though several years have passed since the Universities and the Inns of Court proclaimed the importance of jurisprudence as a part of legal education, nobody has taken up Austin's unfinished work in a serious or satisfactory manner, or succeeded in making it very clear what jurisprudence really is. To English students it means at present, for all practical purposes, the two volumes of Austin's Lectures, or the one volume into which their matter has been more lately condensed by his able editor. It may be true of Austin's work, as Professor Holland says (though he seems to confine his praise to the introductory part, originally published as "The Province of Jurisprudence Determined"), that no one can read it without improvement; but it is not desirable that it should remain for an indefinite time the only means of improvement in this department of knowledge available for our seats of learning. Austin's book is, after all, a fragmentary publication, and has the faults incidental to this character, in addition to the others with which it is chargeable. As we are not now criticizing Austin, we will only say that these are precisely of the kind which make a book less fit for the use of beginners. Besides, the increase of general knowledge and interest has a certain effect on the relative importance of different parts of a great subject. "Those distinctions upon which Austin after his somewhat superfluously careful manner bestows most labour, are put in so clear a light that they can hardly again be lost sight of"; and if there is one thing more than another for which we ought fervently to thank Austin's labours, it is that at this time of day no rational being could or would occupy six lectures with the discussion of what positive law is not. For the rest, Professor Holland's preface, while it points out with unquestionable truth that "works upon legal system by English writers have hitherto been singularly unsystematic," is studiously courteous to his predecessors. It is perhaps an excess of courtesy to mention Dr. Broom's work on Legal Maxims, a thing of neither fish nor flesh, on the same level with Smith's *Leading Cases*, which, though it never pretended to be anything but technical, stands in the first rank of our technical books.

Jurisprudence is defined by Professor Holland as the formal science of law: "not the material science of those portions of the law which various nations have in common, but the formal science of those relations of mankind which are generally recognized as having legal consequences." It stands towards actual legal systems, past or present, in a relation like that of grammar to particular languages. As a matter of fact, its construction has been suggested by the comparison of different systems, but such comparison is not in itself a necessary condition for the existence of such a science. "Just as similarities and differences in the growth of different languages are collected and arranged by Comparative Philology, and the facts thus collected are the foundation of abstract Grammar; so Comparative Law collects and tabulates the legal institutions of various countries, and from the results thus prepared the abstract science of Jurisprudence is enabled to set forth an orderly view of the ideas and methods which have been variously realized in actual systems."

The parallel is felicitous; only we fear that, if it be just, it goes a little too far for the writer's purpose. Abstract grammar, in the sense here specified, is evidently a conceivable science. But is it an actual science in the sense of being explicitly taught or learnt by any one? We have never heard of its professors or text-books; and, while the reviewer of a treatise on jurisprudence may disclaim any pretension or obligation to be acquainted with the latest developments of modern philology, we may also say that if any such teachers or books existed we think we should have heard of them. Abstract grammar is given by implication in every systematic grammar of a particular language, and its generality appears as soon as the grammatical structure of two different languages is referred to a common type. When the English schoolboy who has learnt Latin learns (if he ever does) enough of his own language to know that the verbal-substantive forms in "I go a-fishing" and in "Lusum it Mieccenas" are

homologous, he makes an application of abstract grammar. When the comparative philologist performs a like process on a larger scale, he must either come to his task equipped with a scheme of abstract grammar or make one as he goes along. But neither boys nor men learn abstract grammar by itself. The reason, we suppose, is that the subject-matter cannot be understood until the learner has mastered the grammar of at least one concrete language; and, if the language be a tolerably developed one, and the grammar arranged on a tolerably rational plan, in learning the matter he has learnt the form also. There is no need for his learning it over again in the abstract; to appreciate its importance as form he has only to await the occasion of applying it to new matter. Perhaps it may be said that a person who, being empirically master of his own language, takes up the grammar of it for the first time, is really learning abstract grammar; for in this case the matter consists of what he knows already. Not the less does he acquire the abstract system through the concrete application. We may observe in passing that Philology is considerably richer than Jurisprudence both in the variety of actual types to be observed and in the number of distinct systematic arrangements that have been constructed. Greek, Indian, and Arabic grammarians worked out their schemes in perfect independence. It would seem that philologists have great opportunities for elaborating the science of abstract grammar; what use they have made of them is more than the present writer can say; but we cannot help suspecting that our leaders in philology would not think such an operation very profitable.

Again; the student of medicine learns vertebrate anatomy, which is the knowledge of particular vertebrate structures. He learns comparative anatomy, whereby he comes to perceive the analogies of different vertebrate structures. Hence he forms the idea of a general vertebrate type, which is not the image of any existing skeleton, but is a generic symbol of a certain disposition and relation of parts which any specific vertebrate skeleton embodies and makes visible. Shall we regard this as a new and distinct knowledge or science, and call it abstract vertebrate anatomy? and, if we do, can it be taught or learnt in its abstract character?

It appears to us that jurisprudence, as more or less vaguely understood in English usage of the term, and now clearly defined by Professor Holland, is doomed to vacillate between two alternatives, of which both are unsatisfying. It may confine itself to making out a catalogue of blank forms; in other words, to the pure theory of legal classification. We do not for a moment deny that the scientific arrangement of the law is a subject worthy of the most careful discussion. But we do not think it a good subject to be dwelt upon by students at an early stage. The reasons for or against a particular scheme cannot be understood until the matter to be dealt with by it is to some extent familiar. If, on the other hand, jurisprudence undertakes to explain and illustrate the blank forms of its classification by showing how they are filled up, its constant tendency is to slide into the partial exposition—comparative or otherwise—of some particular system. This tendency appears more than once in Professor Holland's work, as where he brings in a statement of the peculiar and by no means elementary English doctrine of contributory negligence. One feels, again, that his broad mention of the results educible from the tangle of statutes that make up our law of copyright is either too much or too little; too much for a treatise on the general form of laws, too little for a treatise on the laws of England.

Since the law of England is, by the consent of all persons who have seriously thought about it, in sore need of a systematic expounder, the best and most profitable way to prove the value of jurisprudence would perhaps be to show it in that specific application. If Professor Holland, or some other equally competent worker, or two or three such together, would give us a good book of Institutes of English law, that would indeed be a boon for lawyers and students to welcome. As it is, our young men hear lectures on jurisprudence and legal method in general, and have to pick up their first notions of the law of their own country from mauled and tinkered editions or imitations of Blackstone put together in open defiance of all rational arrangement. Blackstone's work was an excellent one in his time and according to his lights; we might honour him better at this day than by a blundering lip-service which, as a rule, effectually excludes the knowledge of what Blackstone really wrote.

And, in fact, if we turn to Germany, where the academic teaching of law is more fully developed than with us, we shall find a state of things which Professor Holland mentions with a certain air of surprise. Although the last thing that can be said against the German school is that the philosophical and theoretical consideration of legal conceptions fails to find expression in it, there are no distinct organs or departments for the purely formal science of law. What in England we have lately called jurisprudence is embodied by German writers in their extensive and methodical treatises known as *Pandekten*, of which the subject is modern Roman law—that is, so much of the Roman civil law as has furnished, or may be considered capable of furnishing, the groundwork of the modern law of German States. Most, if not all, of these works contain a certain amount of matter of a highly general nature; but this is treated, and as we think rightly so, as preliminary to the study of the particular system.

At the same time, we by no means wish to undervalue Professor Holland's enterprise. Thinking it good as far as it goes, we think a scientific exposition of English law would be still better, and

* *The Elements of Jurisprudence.* By Thomas Erskine Holland, D.C.L., &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

should be regarded as the end to which our provisional study of abstract jurisprudence is to lead up. This position may be illustrated by returning to the philosophical comparison which has already been our text. Let us suppose that the English language, instead of being the simplest member of a group, stands apart from all others, and is exceedingly complex in structure and full of anomalies. Let us also suppose (a thing less widely remote from the truth) that the literature relating to it—comprising grammars, dictionaries, and philological works of all kinds—is of enormous bulk and contains much matter of great value, but is terribly diffuse, and arranged partly on wrong systems and mostly on no system at all. In this state of confusion it might well be that the cultivation of abstract grammar would precede the actual reform of English grammar, and it is even conceivable that this might be the only way to it. And this imaginary case is roughly parallel to the real state of English legal literature. A general view of the field of Positive Law, with only just so much concrete illustration as is needed to make it intelligible, may do much to clear the heads of learners, and beget in them a just discontent with the crude and formless condition in which the details of almost every topic are still left. To make a cosmos out of this chaos of disjointed particulars is a task which a later generation, prepared by such teaching as Professor Holland's, may be able to attempt with good hope of success. Meanwhile Professor Holland's treatment of his subject deserves a fuller consideration than we can give to it at the end of an article, and we accordingly reserve the specific discussion of his work for a future notice.

THE PURCELL PAPERS.*

THE literary ambition of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* was to make the old lady's blood run cold. The genius of the late Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu (the author of *Uncle Silas*, *Wylder's Hand*, *Through a Glass Darkly*, and other romances) was also of a chill and curdling nature. No author more frequently caused a reader to look over his shoulder in the dead hour of the night. None made a nervous visitor feel more uncomfortable in the big, bleak bedrooms of old Highland houses. Mr. Le Fanu did not deal much in actual ghosts. His apparitions were much more fearful wild-fowl. "What a sell it would be for a ghost," said a clever but slangy little boy, "if he appeared to a lunatic!" The behaviour of the lunatic, so unlike that of a sane person in the presence of the supernatural, would indeed be likely to vex and discomfit a spectre accustomed to rational society. Mr. Le Fanu's ghosts, on the other hand, had a way of turning out to be the family idiot, the monstrous birth, or other horror of flesh and blood which fine old families are supposed to keep in a secluded corner of fine old castles. These substantial apparitions were more horrible in Mr. Le Fanu's books than the airy banshee or immaterial bogey of civilization. You had first the horror caused in well-regulated minds by the supernatural—which is an evanescent feeling, for familiarity with the bodiless breeds indifference, if not contempt. Next you had the revulsion of feeling caused by the discovery that the supposed ghost was something human and yet not human, something wild and semi-bestial, like the "Alastor" or avenging fiend that haunted the House of Atreus. Indeed, if Mr. Le Fanu had dealt in classical and mythological horrors, he would doubtless have hinted that the hateful and hungry spirit whom Cassandra beheld in vision was only old Thyleses in his dotage, moping and prowling in the scenes of murder and worse than murder.

To these amiable and attractive qualities of fancy Mr. Le Fanu added considerable power of dealing with the real old-fashioned supernatural. Dom Calmet knew no better vampire than his *Carrollia*, beside whom the young person in Mr. John Payne's *Lautrec* is a mere sentimental impostor. *Carrollia* is a tale that every parent should make haste not to place in the hands of the young. Neither Poe nor Richepin ever invented anything more horrible than the dusky, undulating nocturnal shape of her who was a fair woman by daylight and an insatiate fiend at night. M. Le Fanu's skill in the weaving of plots was greater, we think, than that of Mr. Wilkie Collins, as his humour was more spontaneous and less mechanical. *Wylder's Hand* is a very well managed story. *Guy Deverell* might, we venture to think, have been improved by a very simple device. The wicked baronet should have died (of apoplexy) in the secret chamber of his vicious pleasures, whereby we should have gained a mystery, and been spared a murder.

We have been led to make these retrospective criticisms on Mr. Le Fanu's genius by the publication of a posthumous work, a collection of short tales called *The Purcell Papers*. To this collection Mr. A. P. Graves has prefixed a short memoir of Mr. Le Fanu. Little was known of the novelist's quiet history by the English public, though most novel-readers greatly miss the talent that died with Le Fanu, six years ago. Mr. Le Fanu came of a noble Huguenot stock. His ancestors emigrated to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and some of them served in the armies of the Prince of Orange. The novelist was the grandson of Joseph Le Fanu and of Alicia, sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was born in Dublin, on August 28, 1814. His first literary productions were, of course, poems and rollicking Irish ballads. He became a barrister, but only in name, and at the age of twenty-

four purchased an Irish newspaper. His literary life, Mr. Graves says, may be divided into three periods. Till his thirtieth year he was an Irish ballad, song, and story writer, who published his works, as a rule, in the *Dublin University Magazine*. He married in 1844, and devoted himself for fifteen years to journalism. During this period he attempted one or two novels, which had no great success. In 1863 he published the *House by the Churchyard*, which was followed by *Uncle Silas*, and till the end of his days he was best known as a writer of fiction. Mr. Le Fanu was a man of quiet and retiring life, with an amateur interest in the supernatural. He had too much sense to believe in Spiritualism, but he dearly loved an honest ghost for its own sake.

The *Purcell Papers* are a collection of Mr. Le Fanu's early stories and sketches. They vary much in power, though a certain simpleness and sobriety of style is common to all of them. Nothing spoils a ghost story more than a florid, or pretentious, or too ingenious style. The narrator ought to seem absorbed in his topic; his tale should be plain and unvarnished. Mr. Le Fanu's manner in the more serious, not to say sepulchral, of the Purcell stories is just what it ought to be. In the humorous tales, as in "The Ghost and the Bonesetter" he is less amusing, but probably more true to Irish nature, than Lever. One tale has nothing in it of the supernatural, nor even of the extraordinary, and yet it is a story of very great power. The "Last Heir of Castle Connor," who gives his name to the narrative, was a young man of great beauty and great promise, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Unfortunately, he became intimate with the noted duellist Fitzgerald, whose appearance is thus described:—

He was a tall, square-shouldered man, who stood in a careless attitude, leaning with his back to the wall; he seemed to have secluded himself from the busy multitudes which moved noisily and gaily around him, and nobody seemed to observe or to converse with him. He was fashionably dressed, but perhaps rather extravagantly; his face was full and heavy, expressive of sullenness and stupidity, and marked with the lines of strong vulgarity; his age might be somewhere between forty and fifty. Such as I have endeavoured to describe him, he remained motionless, his arms doggedly folded across his broad chest, and turning his sullen eyes from corner to corner of the room, as if eager to detect some object on which to vent his ill-humour.

To know "fighting Fitzgerald" was a dangerous privilege. On the slightest shadow of a misunderstanding his acquaintances felt bound in honour to ask for an explanation, and the explanation usually ended in a fatal duel. Fitzgerald's personal vanity was interested in killing his man, and nothing could be less like a duel with M. Gambetta at forty paces on a misty morning than a combat with this murderous Irishman. O'Connor, like so many others, had to ask Mr. Fitzgerald to "explain" his conduct. At first the duellist replied in a satisfactory way, but, distrusting his first impulse, "which is generally good," he declared that he was compelled to consider himself challenged. O'Connor was obliged to fight, and, believing himself to be a doomed man, he purposely fired wide. Fitzgerald then deliberately murdered him, under the forms of "honour," in the manner thus described:—

The principals took their places once more, and M'Craugh proceeded, with the nicest and most anxious care, to load the pistols; and this task being accomplished, Fitzgerald whispered something in the Captain's ear, who instantly drew his friend's horse so as to place him within a step of his rider, and then tightened the girths. This accomplished, Fitzgerald proceeded deliberately to remove his coat, which he threw across his horse in front of the saddle; and then, with the assistance of M'Craugh, he rolled the shirt sleeve up to the shoulder, so as to leave the whole of his muscular arm perfectly naked. A cry of "Coward, coward! butcher, butcher!" arose from the crowd.

There was now a breathless silence. O'Connor stood perfectly motionless; and, excepting the death-like paleness of his features, he exhibited no sign of agitation. His eye was steady—his lip did not tremble—his attitude was calm. The Captain, having re-examined the priming of the pistols, placed one of them in the hand of Fitzgerald—M'Donough inquired whether the parties were prepared, and having been answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to give the word, "Ready." Fitzgerald raised his hand, but almost instantly lowered it again. The crowd had pressed too much forward as it appeared, and his eye had been unsteadied by the flapping of the skirt of a frieze riding-coat worn by one of the spectators.

"In the name of my principal," said the Captain, "I must and do insist upon these gentlemen moving back a little. We ask but little; fair play, and no favour."

The crowd moved as requested. M'Donough repeated his former question, and was answered as before. There was breathless silence. Fitzgerald fixed his eye upon O'Connor. The appointed signal, "Ready, fire!" was given. There was a pause while one might slowly reckon three—Fitzgerald fired—and O'Connor fell helplessly upon the ground. This description loses in a curtailed quotation, and ought to be read in the original narrative. People who deplore, as sometimes people do, the decline of duelling, should remember the condition into which the practice brought Irish society. This man Fitzgerald is represented as a gambler and scoundrel who had the life of every gentleman in his hand. O'Connor ought, doubtless, to have shot him dead when he had the chance; and O'Connor's peasantry could hardly have been blamed if they had avenged the master whose butchery they went to witness as they might have gone to a steeplechase.

Putting aside the comic portions of the *Purcell Papers*, which are only moderately funny, the remainder form a series of delightful night-mares. M. Le Fanu appears to have studied the horrors of visions in which "we dream of the devil and wake in a fright"; or lie benumbed with dread while some fancied horror approaches us. "The Fortunes of Sir Robert Ardagh" are "all about the devil," as the small boy said, when asked to give some account of the tract presented to him by a pious relative. The same ghostly

* *The Purcell Papers*. By the late J. Sheridan Le Fanu. With a Memoir by A. P. Graves. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1880.

foe is very nicely managed in "The Drunkard's Dream," where "the bad place" is treated with much delicacy of touch and originality of design. This is a story which, to quote De Quincey's amateur, "one can recommend to a friend." "A Chapter in the History of a Tyrone Family" reminds one of an incident in *Jane Eyre*. Here is a good supernatural touch:—

I accordingly opened the door, and was about to enter, when something like a mass of black tapestry, as it appeared, disturbed by my sudden approach, fell from above the door, so as completely to screen the aperture; the startling unexpectedness of the occurrence, and the rustling noise which the drapery made in its descent, caused me involuntarily to step two or three paces backwards. I turned, smiling and half ashamed, to the old servant, and said:—

"You see what a coward I am."

The woman looked puzzled, and, without saying any more, I was about to draw aside the curtain and enter the room, when, upon turning to do so, I was surprised to find that nothing whatever interposed to obstruct the passage.

I went into the room, followed by the servant-woman, and was amazed to find that it, like the one below, was wainscoted, and that nothing like drapery was to be found near the door,

"Where is it?" said I; "what has become of it?"

"What does your ladyship wish to know?" said the old woman.

"Where is the black curtain that fell across the door, when I attempted first to come to my chamber?" answered I.

"The cross of Christ about us!" said the old woman, turning suddenly pale.

The efforts of a blind lunatic to cut some one's throat with a razor are also described with singular felicity. A good manslaughter, the operator tooling with a novel instrument, will be found in "Hardress Fitzgerald," while the "Passage in the Secret History of an Irish Countess" contains the germ of *Uncle Silas*. There is a realism in these Irish stories which one misses in the sufficiently horrible account of an "Incident in the Life of Schalken the Painter."

A judicious reader of the *Purcell Papers* may enjoy many moments of what are called "creepy" sensations. The book is ill-timed for summer, and London; it should be read in winter, when the nights are long, and in some country house where banshees are still strictly preserved, and brownies are as common as ground-game.

MOHL'S HISTORY OF ORIENTAL STUDIES.*

THESE volumes will form the most enduring record of a life full of energy in the cause of learning, and crowned with a conspicuous measure of success in the task to which it was devoted. Jules Mohl will live in the memories of Persian scholars by his noble edition and translation of Firdousi's great epic, which his widow has now wisely removed from the dignified seclusion of the gorgeous and cumbersome *éditions de luxe* of the Imprimerie Nationale, and reissued in a convenient and purchasable form; but Orientalists and the scientific world in general will chiefly associate the name of the Persian Professor at the Collège de France with the annual reports which, as secretary, and latterly as president, he used to deliver to the Société Asiatique on the progress made in Oriental studies during the preceding year, and Mme. Mohl has done a good service to the history of research, as well as to her husband's memory, in rescuing these valuable literary surveys from the precarious and dispersed existence of separate brochures.

The great desire of Mohl's life was to obtain for Oriental studies the same recognition which had always been accorded to the so-called classical literatures. The science, the letters, the history, the whole development of the East are an integral part of the world's history, just as much as the science and the progress of Europe; but the former have always been kept at arm's length, treated as things afar off, and relegated to the studies of recluses. Mohl wished to bring the East more into the public light, to force people to take an interest in matters which, if they were only called Hellenic, would have been long before pronounced fascinating, and to encourage the prosecution of Oriental studies in an equal degree with classical research, until it should be possible to conceive of the great unknown East as an intelligible whole, and not as a collection of curious superstitions and barbarities which formed the amusement of middle-aged men who had nothing better to think about. This co-ordination of Oriental learning was his constant aim. His whole life was a protest against extreme specialism. He maintained that the great thing needed was to arrange our knowledge of the East, to co-ordinate fragmentary and isolated ideas and facts, to find their positions in relation to each other and fit them together, and thus to arrive eventually at a scheme of Eastern life and history which should be no less sure and consistent, and far more wonderful, than the history of European civilization. Mohl's *Rapports Annuels* are a series of ascending steps in this direction. In each of them (except on the few occasions when he devotes a whole report to an account of the rise and progress of the Société Asiatique or to the results of recent travel) he surveys the whole field of Eastern learning, enumerates with marvellous completeness the works that have been issued during the preceding year in every branch of Oriental studies, gives a brief account of the character of the

principal works and their place in relation to other works in the same subject, and points out what is most urgently needed in each department; in short, inspects the work of all sections of Orientalists, shows what has been gained, and what is still to be done. It is a matter for reasonable wonder how one man could accomplish all this; and Mohl's verdict on many subjects might be questioned. He was a fine Persian and Chinese scholar, and on these branches of learning he needed no help; but on other subjects he had only that general knowledge which belonged to all the pupils of the great Parisian school of Eastern studies at the beginning of this century. That general learning, however, joined to the constant influence of a renowned circle of Oriental scholars, whose friendly counsel was always at the service of their colleague, was sufficient to direct to the truest ends the naturally fine critical faculty with which Mohl was endowed. No one who reads these reports can fail to be struck with the peculiarly clear perception of the relative value of different portions of research, the comprehensive grasp of Orientalism as a whole, and the accurate placing of each individual part within the whole, which will be found in their pages. Not less remarkable is the sound good sense which rebukes all useless pedantry, and teaches that all good work is subordinated to an end, that end being, not the display of the author's learning, but the diffusion of a right knowledge of the author's subject among the largest possible number of readers, with a view to a general and comprehensive understanding of the history and life of the East. It is in this spirit that Mohl is constantly urging the necessity of translations, and complaining of the increasing practice among German scholars of publishing Oriental texts without translations, and, still worse, of inserting in German works quotations in Arabic or Sanskrit character without giving any rendering of them. This last is a perfectly gratuitous interruption to the average reader, but the publication of a text without translation must certainly be excused when the work is a large one, and the editor has not time to execute the double task. Undoubtedly the French plan of publishing both text and rendering on the same page is the more excellent way; but it must be remembered that if we had to wait for the admirably perfect issues of the French presses for all Oriental authors, we should not possess a quarter of the invaluable authorities which now stand on our shelves, and which are owing mainly to German activity. Nevertheless Mohl showed his usual good sense in his protest against the isolation of texts without translations, and every one who, like him, has the cause of Oriental studies at heart must join in his efforts to give the great authors of the Eastern world a wider audience than the narrow circle of the initiated.

Turning over these pages, one cannot but compare the history they narrate to the revival of letters in the fifteenth century. Mohl's chronicle extends over the golden age of Oriental studies. A new life had been imparted to the wise men of the East. The French expedition had opened up Egypt, and Champollion and Wilkinson had discovered and explained the mysteries of the hieroglyphs; India had been made at last the subject of many researches by the servants of the East India Company, and two societies for publishing Oriental works had been established in London; Sir William Jones and Sir John Malcolm had popularized Persia; Professor Wilson had produced a great development in Sanskrit learning; De Sacy had given a stimulus to the study of Arabic which has never since died; Bopp had founded the science of comparative philology. In 1840, when Mohl took up the pen of chronicler, the fruits of these masters' examples were growing and multiplying. From all sides editions of unpublished authors; memoirs on obscure points of Oriental literature, history, or religion; grammars, dictionaries, chrestomathies; works on every branch of Eastern lore, which are now our leading authorities, and are likely so to remain, kept pouring into the library of the Société Asiatique, and taxed to the utmost the energy of the secretary-chronicler. And, as the reports went on, more discoveries, new fields of exploration, came to light. In these annual surveys we read the whole history of Assyrian discovery, the first labours of Botta, then the excavations of Sir A. H. Layard, the interpretation of the Behistun inscription by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the discoveries of Place and Fresnel and Oppert. Every step in the gradual progress of Assyrian research can be traced here. Mohl was indefatigable in his efforts to secure the encouragement of the French Government for Assyrian discoveries, and he dwells in every report on the immense importance of those discoveries, on the wonderful and seemingly inexhaustible treasures of the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, and on the necessity for public encouragement and support if the excavations were to go on. There is so full and interesting a history of Assyrian discovery in Mohl's *Rapports* that it was quite needless for Professor Max Müller, in the biographical notice prefixed to these volumes, to recapitulate and emphasize the facts. If the reading public are generally under the impression that Sir A. H. Layard was the first discoverer of Assyrian remains, it is only because, as Mohl himself frequently pointed out with regret, anybody could buy Sir A. H. Layard's book, whereas Botta, the original discoverer of Nineveh, was fated to have his discoveries published by the French Government in so magnificent and costly a form that the very scholars who afterwards explored Nineveh could not buy the *Monument de Nineve*, whilst the vast body of readers who marvelled over Sir A. H. Layard's book of course never saw its French rival. All Eastern scholars, however, are perfectly acquainted with the value and the priority of M. Botta's discoveries,

* *Vingt-sept ans d'histoire des études orientales: rapports faits à la Société Asiatique de Paris de 1840 à 1867*. Par Jules Mohl, membre de l'Institut, secrétaire de la Société Asiatique. Ouvrage publié par sa veuve. 2 vols. Paris: Reinwald.

and also with the ignorant and fatuous manner in which his Government treated him; and there was really no necessity for Professor Max Müller to excite himself about what he apparently considers the undeserved reputations of Layard and Rawlinson. It would have been better if he had devoted his pages to a clearer and more detailed portrait of the scholar whose life he has sketched with a somewhat uncertain hand. No one can write more charmingly than Professor Max Müller; and it is no small disappointment to find how little he has made of so fine a subject as the biography of Jules Mohl. Scarcely less surprising is the weak and perfunctory character of M. Renan's preface, which is apparently merely a poor abstract of his much more satisfactory *éloge* published shortly after Mohl's death.

A peculiarly interesting part of these volumes consists of biographical notices of the great scholars from whom Mohl learned, or with whom he worked, during the golden age of Oriental letters. Some of these obituaries are written with remarkable tact and grace, and in some we can trace the hand of a man sorrowing for a close friend. Such is the long notice of Burnouf, to whom Mohl gave the whole of his annual *brochure*, for he had not the heart to write or think of anything but the loss which he, in common with all scholars, but above others, had suffered. The notice of Fresnel is a fine example of Mohl's tact; for the impulsive life of the brilliant writer of the *Letters on the Arabs before Islam* needed a delicate hand to draw it truthfully yet tenderly. Another biography well worthy of its subject, and remarkable for its grace, is that on Von Hammer. Many others might be cited—H. H. Wilson, Gesenius, Cureton, Schlegel—but the bare citation is useless. Every one who takes an interest in the history of Oriental literature and the lives of scholars will find a real charm in these *Rapports* of Jules Mohl. They deal with a great epoch in Oriental research, and they chronicle it worthily.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

After an interval of eleven years, the biography of Blücher's great chief of the Staff (1), left incomplete by the death of Dr. Pertz, is resumed by Herr Delbrück, with every prospect of being brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It would indeed have been a subject for regret if the history of one of the chief captains of his time had been interrupted at the most eventful period of his career. The third volume had brought the narrative down to the expulsion of the French from Germany in 1813; the new one describes Gneisenau's part in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, this being the part of his career most interesting to English readers, from the relations into which it brought him with Wellington. It is seldom that the life of a great strategist is thus written by two civilians, and Herr Delbrück's share of the work, no less than his predecessor's, illustrates both the advantages and disadvantages of an unprofessional biographer. On the one hand, he seldom appears to have a perfectly firm grasp of his subject, and many important details are dismissed with undue brevity. On the other hand, the work is free from the aridity of professional writers, the narrative is flexible and continuous, and due attention is given to political as well as to merely military considerations. The account of the campaign of 1814 is necessarily written from a Prussian point of view, and serves in some degree as an answer to the attempt in Metternich's memoirs to rehabilitate Prince Schwarzenberg and the Austrian operations in general. It is some presumption of its accuracy that Napoleon, rather than Gneisenau, appears as the hero of the story. The controversy on the respective shares of the English and Prussian armies in the Waterloo campaign is treated by Herr Delbrück with exemplary fairness. He virtually censures Wellington for having failed to support Blücher on the day of Ligny, and rates him as essentially a general of the old school; but he renders full justice to his masterly conduct of a defensive like that assumed by the English army at Waterloo, and is free from any tendency to disparage English troops and English commanders as such. Throughout his history Wellington appears as the soldier statesman, who has wider views than the simple winning of battles; Gneisenau as the mere soldier, though a consummate one. Such was in fact the relation between the two, and it is not surprising that it should have led to an irreparable breach, and that Gneisenau's correspondence should exhibit many traces of irritation against his coadjutor. A fifth volume will complete the work.

Herr Caro's essay on the League of Canterbury (2) concluded between the Emperor Sigismund and Henry V. of England is substantially a vindication of the former against the imputation of treachery to France. Herr Caro thinks that France drove Sigismund into an alliance with England; that his intentions were wholly upright at first; and that he is chiefly censurable for instability, not with respect to his old ally, but to his new one, who never derived any real benefit from the treaty. Henry, however, showed himself pretty well able to dispense with Sigismund's help, and the visit of the latter to England is chiefly memorable for the influence which it exercised upon the deliberations of the Council of Constance.

Georg Friedrich, Prince of Waldeck (3), was an intimate friend of

(1) *Das Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt von Gneisenau.* Bd. 4. Von Hans Delbrück. Fortsetzung des gleichnamigen Werkes von G. H. Pertz. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Das Bündnis von Canterbury: eine Episode aus der Geschichte des Constanzer Concils.* Von J. Caro. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

(3) *Wilhelm III. von Oranien und Georg Friedrich von Waldeck.* Von Dr. P. L. Müller. Bd. 2. Haag: Nijhoff. London: Williams and Norgate.

William III., one of the most attractive parts of whose generally cold and reserved nature is admitted to have been the affection he entertained for the few of whose disinterested fidelity he was assured. No one merited his esteem more than Waldeck, whose integrity and soundness of judgment—although his parts were rather solid than shining—caused him to be frequently selected as William's representative, both in civil and military affairs. The correspondence published in Dr. Müller's second volume relates principally to military operations in the Low Countries during William's absence in England, from the Revolution to 1692. It is prefaced by an able and interesting essay from the editor's pen on the coalition against France formed under William's influence between 1684 and 1689. The more interesting portions of the work to an English reader are, however, the occasional glimpses of English affairs in William's letters. He protests, for instance, his extreme disinclination to accept the throne of England, *quoyque je prévois fort bien que le monde en jugera autrement.*

The first part of an interesting review of Prussian administration between the death of Frederick the Great and the outbreak of the War of Liberation (4) is chiefly devoted to the educational and religious alterations which ensued on the accession of Frederick William II. Frederick William, the reverse of his great uncle in everything good and bad, was, although a dissolute prince, greatly addicted to religious mysticism, and sympathized with the contemporary reaction against the *Aufklärung* which found expression in secret Societies of the Illuminati, Freemasonry, and the Rosicrucian brotherhood. These tendencies were represented by his Minister Wöllner, a curious compound of craft and fanaticism, who overcame his rival Zedlitz, and gave Prussian public education the unfortunate direction which, by undermining the moral vigour of the nation, so largely contributed to the ignoble part performed by Prussia during the first years of the French Revolution. The economical administration of the country was also feeble and wasteful; and, on the whole, no reign in Prussian history is so unsatisfactory as Frederick William's, though few sovereigns have been better intentioned.

The last part of the general historical series edited by Professor Oncken (5) contains portions of Professor Hertzberg's History of the Roman Empire and Professor Kugler's History of the Crusades. Both are sound and useful manuals of information, with no especial literary pretensions. Compared with similar popular publications in former times, the most remarkable advance is perhaps in the number and beauty of the illustrations, which prove how useful an auxiliary art may be to history.

The Poniatowski (6) are one of the most interesting of celebrated families, and M. Szymanowski's essay on their genealogy is more worthy of general attention than the majority of such investigations. He thinks that they are not improbably an offshoot of the Italian House of Torelli. The most entertaining part of his work, however, is a translation of a curious letter addressed to his son by John Firlej, treasurer of King Sigismund about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in elucidation of the status of the Polish nobility, and in depreciation of the unpatriotic practice of soliciting foreign titles.

A work on European statistics (7), if accurate, cannot fail to possess a certain value, and much useful information may without doubt be derived from Herr Krümmel's volume on the subject, which is nevertheless not handled in such a manner as to suggest a thorough mastery of the subject. The arrangement seems confused, and many of the details irrelevant, and we can hardly believe that the posthumous papers of the late distinguished geographer Peschel, stated to have been employed in the preparation of the work, have really contributed much towards it. The strictly statistical part is generally better than the sketches of physical geography, which, though full of interesting details, appear rambling and capricious. The colonies and foreign possessions of the European States being included as well as the mother-countries, and Great Britain falling within the scope of the first volume, great part of this is occupied with regions beyond the limits of Europe.

Dr. von Thanhoffer's (8) useful work on the microscope is especially intended for medical men, and accordingly treats not only of the construction and application of the instrument, but of several branches of anatomy and histology.

A bibliography of books relating to Icelandic and Norse literature, by T. Möbius (9), is a continuation of a similar work, bringing the subject down to 1855. Like its predecessor, it is invaluable to students of the Northern languages and literatures, especially as it is classified according to subject.

Theodore, Bishop of Mopsuestia (10), one of the most influential

(4) *Geschichte des Preussischen Staatswesens vom Tode Friedrichs des Großen bis zu den Freiheitskriegen.* Von M. Philippson. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen.* Herausgegeben von W. Oncken. Abth. 19. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Kolckmann.

(6) *Die Poniatowski: eine historisch-genealogische Untersuchung.* Von O. K. Szymanowski. Genf: Mueller. London: Nutt.

(7) *Europäische Staatenkunde, mit einem Anhang, die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika.* Mit Benutzung der hinterlassenen Manuskripte Oscar Peschel's nach der Originalquellen bearbeitet von O. Krümmel. Bd. 1. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Das Mikroskop und seine Anwendung.* Von Dr. L. von Thanhoffer. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Verzeichnis der auf dem Gebiete der altnordischen Sprache und Literatur von 1853 bis 1879 erschienenen Schriften.* Von Th. Möbius. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Theodor von Mopsuestia und Junilius Africanus als Exegeten.* Von Dr. H. Kühn. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

commentators on Scripture in the early Church, flourished in the latter part of the fourth and the first quarter of the fifth century. He had been a fellow-student with Chrysostom, and himself became the head of the theological school of Antioch, then at the zenith of its reputation. His method of interpretation was allegorical, and bore a strong resemblance to Origen's. Like Origen, he incurred the suspicion of heresy, and although he retained his bishopric during his life, his writings were condemned after his death, and have almost all perished. This severe treatment was owing to the use made of them by the Nestorians, who regarded Theodore as their principal authority. Dr. Kuhn's account of him is interesting, and as impartial as can be expected from a Roman Catholic divine; but the principal novelty of his work is the examination he has bestowed upon the Western representative of Theodore's ideas, Junilius Africenus, the author of the *Instituta regularia divine legis*. Junilius has been hitherto supposed to have been an African bishop. Dr. Kuhn, however, maintains, and apparently on good grounds, that he was an official holding high rank at the Court of Constantinople, and that his work was composed about the year 551. It is principally important as a summary of the theology of Theodore, derived meditatively through the great Nestorian school established under Persian protection at Nisibis, where Theodore's writings were used as text-books. Dr. Kuhn seems to make this point out very clearly, especially by a comparison of Theodore's canon of Scripture with that recognized by Junilius. The text of the latter's work is appended.

A History of Jewish Culture, by Otto Henne-Am Rhyn (11), although a volume of no great literary merit, and indeed bearing internal evidence of having been hastily put together for circulation under favour of the present anti-Jewish agitation in Germany, is nevertheless useful as a compendium of information not readily accessible in a popular form. The post-Biblical portion of the work, to which this remark principally applies, seems to be mainly an abridgment of Grätz's great history. The author could not have chosen a better guide, especially as he is in no danger of imbibing his somewhat exclusive and Rabbinical spirit. His own tone is tolerably impartial, although some of his observations on the status of Jews in Germany indicate an imperfect mastery of the principles of civil and religious liberty. It is fair to consider, however, that Jews have not trebled their numbers within the last eighteen years in London, as they appear to have done in Berlin.

Dr. Berger's collection of the fragments of Eratosthenes (12) is accompanied with copious disquisitions, and amounts to a restoration of the geographer's work, as far as practicable. That it should be practicable at all is principally due to Eratosthenes's inveterate adversary, Strabo, who, in attacking his cosmography and his mathematics, has preserved considerable portions of his treatise. Dr. Berger has arranged these, together with the fragments obtained from quotations or references by other writers, according to their subject, and has thus obtained materials for a series of dissertations both on Eratosthenes's views on mathematical geography and on his accounts of the particular countries he undertook to describe. The work is thus more than an edition of the remains of Eratosthenes, and is almost equivalent to a treatise on the geographical knowledge possessed by the ancients in his day and in that of his principal critics, Hipparchus and Strabo.

Otto Hense's volume of Sophoclean studies (13) is intended as the precursor of a complete critical edition, and is almost entirely confined to the *Trachiniae*. The notes are chiefly philological, but points connected with the economy of the drama and the art of Sophocles in general are occasionally discussed in such a manner as to show that Herr Hense is something more than a merely textual critic. He lays, in fact, great stress on the necessity of a thorough comprehension of Sophocles as an artist as a qualification for the study of his phraseology, and is perhaps inclined to rely even too much upon this higher criticism.

It would have been creditable to England if Mr. Blaydes's edition of Aristophanes (14) had been produced in this country. Since this was not to be, it is at all events flattering that Germany should have for once imported an English scholar whose work will bear comparison with any produced in the land of Meineke and Ritschl. Judging from the specimen before us, Mr. Blaydes's edition will want nothing to make it a perfect model of the style in which Greek plays should be edited. A copious critical commentary is placed at the foot of the page; a still more ample explanatory and illustrated one is subjoined to the text. The student and the scholar alike are amply provided for, and it is very satisfactory to learn that the remaining plays of Aristophanes are to be edited upon the same plan.

The first part of Herr Milch's work on the Resurrection and Passion miracle plays (15) contains the text of an Easter play derived from various MSS., and arranged in parallel columns, so as

(11) *Kulturgeschichte des Judenthums*. Von Otto Henne-Am Rhyn. Jena: Cösterb. London: Kölckmann.

(12) *Die geographischen Fragmente des Eratosthenes*. Neu gesammelt, geordnet und besprochen von Dr. Hugo Berger. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Studien zu Sophokles*. Von Otto Hense. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Aristophanis Thesmophoriazusae: Annotationes criticae, commentario exegetico et scholis Graecis instruzit* F. H. Blaydes. Halis Saxonum: in Orphanotrophei Libraria. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Die Oster- und Passionspiele: literarhistorische Untersuchungen; nebst dem erstmaligen diplomatischen Abdruck des Kuenzelsauer Frohleb-namsspiels*. Von G. Milch. Th. 1. Wolfenbüttel: Zwissler. London: Williams & Norgate.

to illustrate its gradual development from the most primitive forms. An introduction is prefixed reviewing the various theories respecting the origin and design of miracle plays, whether purely Christian institutions, designed from the first for edification, or survivals of ancient heathen spectacles converted to the purposes of the Church.

Dr. Elze's judgment is sounder than that of most professional emendators of Shakespeare's text (16); and it is not too much to say that, out of nearly a hundred passages in the poet and his contemporaries discussed in his *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists*, there is not one where his opinion is not entitled to respectful consideration. His mind is rather judicial than original, and hence perhaps his review of the various opinions advanced by other commentators in disputed passages is more valuable than his independent suggestions. The copiousness and appositeness of his illustrations from passages in Shakespeare's contemporaries add greatly to the importance of his work. It is to be wished that he would publish an edition of the pseudo-Shaksperian plays, "the rank corruption of which," he says, "justifies a larger tether than is granted elsewhere."

There is a great deal of *esprit* in Herr E. Hermann's attempt to prove that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (17) is in some degree a literary satire directed against Marlowe, Greene, and Nash; but not too much common sense. That bad poets are ridiculed in Bottom's mock play is plain enough; but, if Shakespeare had really entertained the polemic purpose attributed to him, the purport of his allusions would have been equally plain; and Herr Hermann's endeavour to prove Nash's *Summer's Last Will* to be a formal reply to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is even more far-fetched, though some occasional references and allusions may be admitted. The best part of the book is Herr Hermann's essay on the date of the play, which he ascribes with much probability to 1595.

The aphoristic is the most difficult of all styles of composition, for it allows no room for mediocrity. It requires no small self-confidence for a writer to appear before the public with the profession of having made seven hundred and two remarks sufficiently out of the common to justify their publication in an aphoristic form. Many of Herr von Oertzen's (18) "prose epigrams" are not only just, but pointed; but, although they might have enlivened an essay, they will seldom bear entire isolation from any kind of context.

The fame of Mr. Morley's *English Men of Letters* (19) has reached Germany; and Herr L. Katscher is performing a really acceptable service to German literature by the free translations, enriched with notes, which are appearing under his direction. His version of Andersen (20) is also very good, and the introductory biographical notice is very well done.

Im Schillingshof (21) may not be the best of Miss Marlitt's novels, and perhaps even indicates that she has reached the stage at which most prolific novel-writers inevitably arrive, when the contrivance of plot and incident becomes to a certain extent a manufacture. Regarded from this point of view, it is nevertheless a very creditable piece of work. Attention is excited from the first, and ably maintained throughout; the style is clear, the characters are natural, and many of the scenes are powerful. The idea on which it is built is the joint occupation by two families of a house divided into two portions connected by a secret door, the existence of which is known to the head of one of the families only. He profits by his knowledge to learn what is going on in the residence of his neighbours, who are naturally bewildered at finding their most intimate affairs divulged. At length the secret is discovered by the innocent incautiousness of his child. The scene in which this occurs is powerfully conceived and written. A rapacious and intriguing Roman Catholic priest—too much like some of the characters to whom Miss Marlitt has on previous occasions accustomed us—plays a considerable part in the story.

"A Secret Despatch," by Robert Byr (22), possesses at all events the negative merit, rare in three-volume German novels, of being neither overdone with long speeches nor with long soliloquies by the writer in his own person. The dialogue, in fact, is unusually animated, and the novel is mostly dialogue.

Spielhagen is not a master of the art of concise narrative; and his last work, *Quissiana* (23), though designed as a novelette, extends to no inconsiderable length. It is indeed much too elaborate for the materials, the characters and the incidents being alike almost devoid of interest. The chief originality consists in the ingenious method of suicide adopted by the hero, who, having been

(16) *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists; with Conjectural Emendations of the Text*. By Karl Elze. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

(17) *Shakespeare der Kämpfer*. Von E. Hermann. Abth. 3 und 4. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Thirn.

(18) *Epigramme und Epiloge in Prosa*. Von G. von Oertzen. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(19) *Zierden der Englischen Literatur*. Frei bearbeitet und mit Anmerkungen versehen von L. Katscher. Bde. 1-3. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Nutt.

(20) *H. C. Andersen's ausgewählte Werke, neu übersetzt*. Herausgegeben und eingeleitet von L. Katscher. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Wartig. London: Nutt.

(21) *Im Schillingshof*. Von E. Marlitt. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Keil. London: Kölckmann.

(22) *Eine geheime Despache*. Roman von Robert Byr. 3 Bde. Jena: Cösterb. London: Kölckmann.

(23) *Quissiana: Novelle*. Von F. Spielhagen. Leipzig: Staacke. London: Williams & Norgate.

jilted by the heroine, wilfully contracts an incurable heart disease by sleeping on his left side, in defiance of the family doctor. Before dying he composes a congratulatory telegram to the young lady, who is staying at the Hôtel Quisisana at Capri—hence the title of the book. These incidents read like a burlesque on a bad French novel, but have neither the liveliness of French novels nor of burlesque.

Helmar (24), by Fanny Lewald, is a romance in the form of an autobiography, professing to record the history of an artist. It is natural, but tame, and might almost pass for the *bona fide* narrative it represents itself to be. “The Riddles of Life” (25), by E. Juncker, is, on the other hand, emotional and sentimental, and graced by such incidents as the transfusion of blood from the veins of the hero to those of the heroine, with a tempest to bring about the catastrophe. Brachvogel's “Battle of the Demons” (26) is an ordinary circulating library novel. “From the Cradle to the Grave,” by E. Valentin (27), is a pretty story, of no great pretensions, but well adapted for use by English students of the German language, the more especially as the scene is laid in this country.

The *Rundschau* (28) concludes Herr Rudolph Lindau's excellent Anglo-Japanese story, and has one of those pretty finished tales of modern Italian life which Paul Heyse has acclimated in German literature. “Lazy Beppo” is short, but a perfect picture in its way. Another brief but agreeable contribution is a paper by Friedländer on funeral ceremonies in Imperial Rome, illustrative of the lavish expenditure which frequently prevailed on such occasions. It is a chapter from the forthcoming third volume of his *Sittengeschichte Roms*. A criticism on Brahms, by Louis Ehlert, notwithstanding professions of strict impartiality, bestows as much praise on the composer as even an artist's appetite can well require. Mme. de Rémusat's *Mémoires* are very fairly reviewed by Karl Hillebrand, who uses her portrait of Napoleon as the groundwork for a vigorous delineation by himself.

(24) *Helmar*. Von Fanny Lewald. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(25) *Lebensräthsel: Roman*. Von E. Juncker. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(26) *Der Kampf der Dämonen: historischer Roman*. Von A. E. Brachvogel. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(27) *Von der Wiege bis zum Grabe: Erzählung*. Von Elise Valentin. London: Kolckmann.

(28) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 9. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

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